SEPTEMBER 15, 1977 $1.00
THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

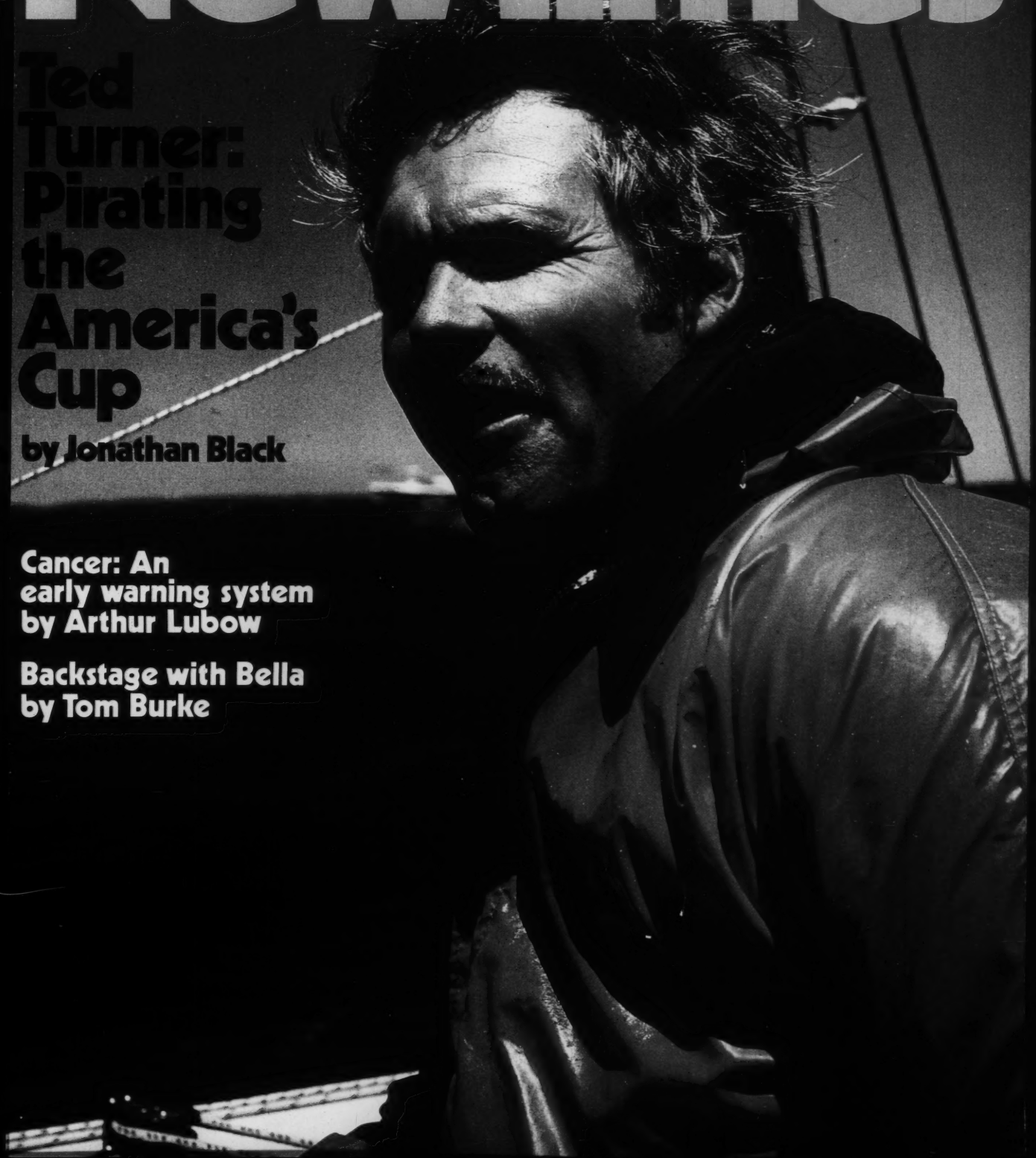
New Times

Ted Turner: Pirating the America's Cup

by Jonathan Black

Cancer: An early warning system
by Arthur Lubow

Backstage with Bella
by Tom Burke



CAMPARI INSTEAD.

The sun is over the yardarm, and you're about to have "the usual." But it's the kind of day for something special. So you have Campari & Bitter Lemon instead.

A long, cool drink of Campari & Bitter Lemon makes a satisfying light drink before the mast or after a swim. It's perfect before lunch or dinner.

That unique, tongue-tingling flavor of Campari is a nice change of pace from the drink you ask for out of habit. Soon you may even find yourself getting into a new habit: having Campari instead.

Campari & Bitter Lemon...pour a jigger (1½ oz.) of Campari over ice in a tall glass. Fill with **Schweppes Bitter Lemon.** Add twist of lemon, if desired.

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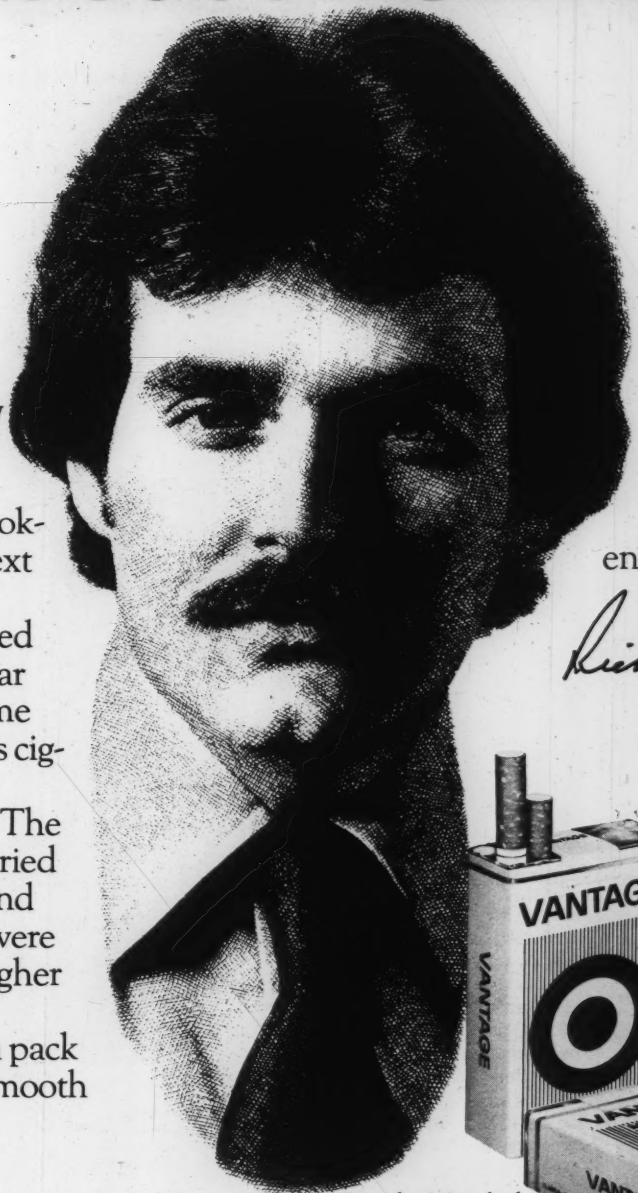
"Vantage is changing a lot of my feelings about smoking."



"I like to smoke, and what I like is a cigarette that isn't timid on taste. But I'm not living in some ivory tower. I hear the things being said against high-tar smoking as well as the next guy.

"And so I started looking. For a low-tar smoke that had some honest-to-goodness cigarette taste.

"It wasn't easy. The low-tar cigarettes I tried tasted like chalk. And high-tar cigarettes were starting to taste rougher as I went along.

"Then I tried a pack of Vantage. It was smooth yet it had taste. And a lot less tar than what I'd been smoking.

"As far as I'm concerned, when I switched to Vantage, I changed to a cigarette I could enjoy."

Rick Lawrence

Rick Lawrence
Metairie, Louisiana

Regular, Menthol, and Vantage 100's.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER: 10 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine,
MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76;
FILTER 100's: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SEPTEMBER 16, 1977
VOLUME 9, NUMBER 6

NewTimes

Bruce Ames escalates the war on cancer

A new test for carcinogens gives results in days instead of years, and some of them are surprising. Saccharin may be safe after all, but don't use it in decaffeinated coffee.

By Arthur Lubow
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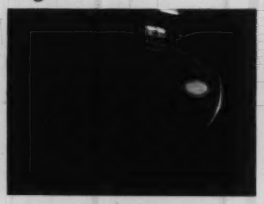

The Bella Abzug Show

After a six-year run in Washington, Bella Abzug thinks her one-woman show should wow 'em in the Big Apple. She's got the pipes, she's got the gripes, and she's got a brand new diet from Shirley MacLaine. But mixed reviews threaten to keep ticket sales down.

By Tom Burke
Page 38

Animal Farm '77

At the Charles River Breeding Laboratories, guinea pigs are succeeding where Howard Hughes failed: every day 43,000 germ-free rats, mice and rabbits roll off the assembly lines, ready to meet a steadily growing demand for research animals. And Henry Foster, the lab's founder, has parlayed his original $1,200 investment into a $16 million biological factory.

By Craig Waters
Page 46

Blackbeard among the bluebloods

When Ted Turner blew into Newport he almost forced the New York Yacht Club to scuttle its by-laws. The man dresses funny, talks dirty, and chases purty wimmen. He'd be more at home in Billy Carter's gas station than in the staid world of the America's Cup competition. But, by God, he wins. Will yachting's impeccable reputation drown in the *Courageous'* wake?

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We can't afford a balanced budget.
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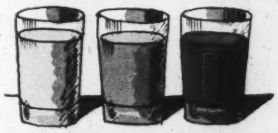
RUM REVELATIONS.

Surprising facts every rum drinker should know.

Ah, what rum drinkers don't know about rum. So Myers's thinks it's time to raise some eyebrows.

The first fact of rum. Rum comes in three shades: white, gold, and dark. Some light rums are blended to have a barely noticeable taste. Their flavor might fade in the drink. But Myers's is blended specially to be more flavorful. The Myers's comes through the mixer.



Another surprise. Dark rum isn't any stronger than light rum. Both are the same alcoholic proof. So Myers's isn't any stronger, even though it has a tastier rum flavor.

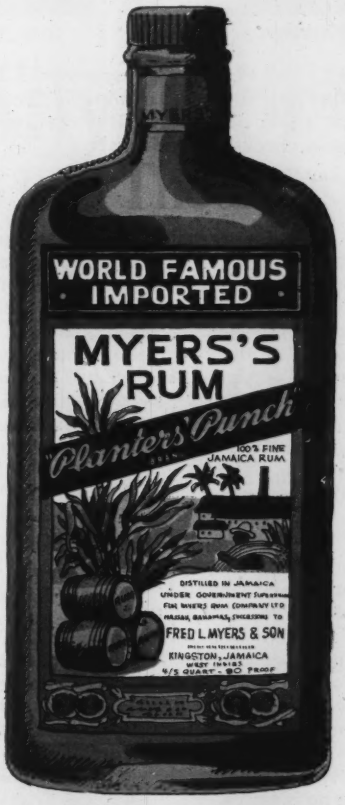
More revelations. Myers's is more expensive. It's imported from Jamaica where it's

made slowly, in small batches. The richer taste is worth the time. And the price.

Still another little known fact. Caribbean bartenders mix Myers's into exotic drinks made with lighter rums. They trust Myers's to enhance the flavor. So discover for yourself the dash that Myers's adds to a simple Rum & Cola. The

extra punch Myers's adds to a Planters' Punch. Here are the recipes for your pleasure.

Myers's Planters' Punch: Combine in shaker, 3 oz. orange juice, juice of ½ lemon or lime, 1½ oz. Myers's. Add 1 tsp. superfine sugar and dash of grenadine. Shake well and serve in tall glass filled



with ice. Add orange slice, cherry.

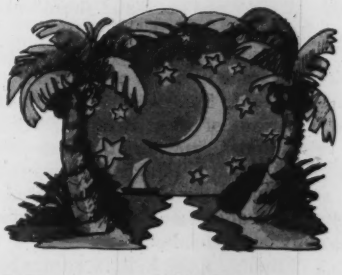
Myers's Rum and Cola: Into a highball glass, add 1½ oz. Myers's Rum. Fill glass with cola beverage. Add slice of lemon or lime, and stir.

And finally, one last point. Dark rum is better to use in cooking than light rum. Myers's adds a fuller rum flavor to foods. Try sprinkling Myers's over grapefruit halves. It's a simple way

to create an interesting first course. Myers's makes so many rum recipes even more delicious.

So now that you know the facts, your choice should be clear: Myers's Rum.

Because if you like rum, it's time you discovered the pleasures that wait for you in the dark.



Next to Myers's All other Rums Seem Pale.

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Letters

Beyond the borders

My thanks to T.D. Allman ("Oppressor Israel?" August 19), who taught me more about biased, misleading reporting in five pages than I might have otherwise learned in a lifetime. The credibility of any article which labels Arafat a non-extremist, or which attempts to prove Israeli racism through the words of one obscure official, is suspect.

But Mr. Allman manages the incomparable feat of suggesting that the Palestinians living in the occupied territories are all innocent, peace-loving victims of Israeli oppression, and characterizing the Israelis as insensitive, expansionist despots.

At the very least, the issue of Israeli occupation is far too complex to be reported fairly by making such obviously selective use of quotations and incidents.

I fear that Mr. Allman, in the words of G.K. Chesterton, "has used statistics like a drunk uses a lamppost, for support, not for illumination."

Steven D. Singer
Boston, Massachusetts

Your article about the Palestinians and Israel was just great! Backing Israel in order to establish a Jewish identity is like backing Pinochet in Chile in order to be a good Catholic. Why not identify with some of the Jewish intellectuals and scientists who make this country great?

Robert Jones
New Prague, Minnesota

Your excellent article on Israel has underlined several notions which I consider important to me as a Jew and as an American. Israel is not the Messiah—at least not yet—and should not be judged as such by the world.

Second, what do you mean by "saving Israel in spite of herself?" I thought Uncle Sam was retiring from the position of Big Brother. What scares Jimmy Carter and the State Department is that if Israel really wanted to, she could decimate the Arab armies tomorrow, and there isn't one thing anybody could do about it.

Finally, I think it is admirable that you have done a story on the Palestinians and that Israel has given you permission to talk with them.

Now, how about a story on the oppressed Jewish community in Syria? Do you think that Syria would allow you to do a similar story on them? You know damn well that Israel is the only country crazy enough to let you talk to her "oppressed minority." With all her problems, and there are many, Israel is a lot more open than anyone has a right to expect, and it is this openness which gives me cause for hope. A country which is willing to open itself up to public criticism is a country which will ultimately survive and flourish.

Rabbi Melvin J. Glazer
Grand Rapids, Michigan

Congratulations on running T.D. Allman's "Oppressor Israel?" The story of Israeli oppression of Palestinians is one that is rarely heard in this country, yet needs to be told often if Americans are to begin to understand the real issues involved.

One aspect that Allman did not deal with fully, however: not only are Palestinians from Gaza tortured, but West Bankers are routinely tortured as well. This was well documented by the London *Sunday Times* in a June article entitled "Torture and Israel."

Ted Swedenburg
Coordinator, Middle East
Resource Center
Washington, DC

All I can say in response to T.D. Allman's article is, admittedly, Israel has become aggressive. However, how many cheeks can one turn?

Lynn Solte
New York City

As a new subscriber, I was especially pleased to read your most informative and enlightening article on Israel, particularly during a time when truthful foreign news is very difficult to obtain through the media. I have been very disgusted in the past at U.S. press articles that treat the Israeli-Palestinian situation very one-sidedly. But I must say that T.D. Allman filled the void.

Abda'llah Sharif
Newark, New Jersey

I just finished an article in my favorite magazine, and I am boiling with anger and shocked. The author might as well be Yasir Arafat himself.

The two pictures on page 22 give the impression that Israel is responsible for that situation. The people who have lived in the occupied territories have been living like that for centuries. I ask what did the former governments do to help them before the wars? The answer is nothing!

In the introduction the article said, "Where Palestinian fields once blossomed, the Israelis have created a desert." This is just the opposite. If you have ever been to Israel, you would see what the Jewish National Fund has done since 1967 to change the land into a beautiful oasis. They have planted trees, forests, set up irrigation plants for the purpose of protecting the soil and preventing erosion. Again in the pictures on page 22, the only greenery you see is around the Jewish settlement.

Israel has never expelled any people from the area. Israel knows the feeling all too well to do that to others. They have even made the effort to make sure the Palestinians stay. If the Arabs left, it was based on their own decision to leave. Israel has also helped economically. Unemployment in the Gaza Strip has dropped 40 percent since the 1967 war. Again, I ask, what did the Arab government do to help these people before the wars? Nothing!

I have lived in the occupied area: Israel has helped the inhabitants of the area more than the former governments have in the past, economically, politically and academically. Again, let me reiterate: I am surprised that your magazine would allow this one-sided point of view.

Allan Steinmetz,
Troy, Michigan

The writer has shown a profound ignorance in discussing Israel's parliamentary system. Other facts were completely distorted. The photos shown of Israeli good life versus Arab squalor is a good lesson in demagogy.

Peter Benson
Queens, New York

I have waited ten years to hear the other side of the story, instead of always reading about the dirty, murdering Arabs. I'll bet it wasn't easy printing this article, due to the powerful Jewish domination of the press in the United States.

I also believe that the majority in the United States are not as sympathetic to the Israeli cause as the press would have us believe.

Curtis C. Schell
Mifflintown, Pennsylvania

Let me point out that the so-called defoliated zone Allman speaks of is purely in his mind. The area in

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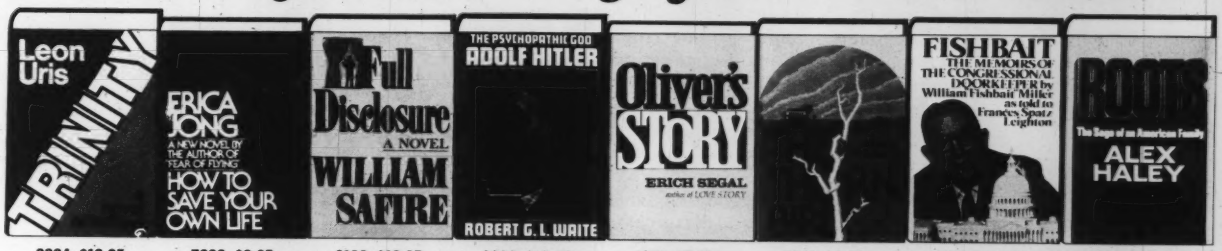

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question is arid (less than 5 inches of annual rainfall) and composed of sterile marl soils; nothing grows there because nothing *can* grow there—and that's just as true of the little strip on the Jordanian side. I've ridden the Jordan valley road two dozen times and been to the river at several points—the advantage of having a full year in Israel.

Stanley N. Rosenbaum
Carlisle, Pennsylvania

Editor's note: The map accompanying T.D. Allman's August 19 "Oppressor Israel?" article incorrectly labeled a small portion of Syria as Iraq. As well, the map indicated that the Sinai has been held by Israel since 1974. In fact, Israel had occupied the area in 1967; part of it was returned to Egypt under the terms of the 1974 Sinai agreement.

Kudos on Coover

Geoffrey Wolff's review of *The Public Burning* seems to me to state that reading Robert Coover's novel is a primary experience ("An American Epic," August 19). I rejoice that such a review is possible, that the need for more adequate fiction is recognized, and that Coover's work is created by a force field of imagination. What I do not understand, however, is Wolff's inability to discover a recent work of ambition and achievement to invoke the majesty of *Burning*. May I suggest Thomas Pynchon's *Gravity's Rainbow* as a reasonable precedent, if not an outright milestone novel?

John Avery
Norfolk, Virginia

Thank you for the freedom you allowed Geoffrey Wolff in his review of *The Public Burning*. I say this not because of the laudatory aspect of the article—obviously this book is going to provoke different reactions in different quarters, both pro and con—but because of the seriousness with which Wolff dealt with the book and all its ramifications. In fact, I think it sets a high standard for reviewing in general.

Richard Seaver
Viking Press
New York City

The abortion controversy

As feminists committed to securing reproductive freedom for all women, we take issue with Magda Denes' comments on the Supreme Court's abortion decision (Human Rights, August 5). Poor women should have access to legal abortion because it is their right, not as a way to keep the number of poor black people under control. In fact, feminists are worried that a Medicaid abortion ban will make many poor women feel compelled to get themselves sterilized.

Denes further argues that adoption is not a "viable alternative" to abortion because some people don't want to risk adopting "a potential guerrilla." Aside from the racist assumptions and questionable validity of this argument, it is beside the point. Most women do not want, and should not be forced, to go through an unwanted pregnancy.

Finally, we object to Denes' presentation of the abortion controversy as a disagreement over a moral issue. We agree that to abort or not is a moral decision that many women find difficult. But as a public issue, the abortion battle is above all a political struggle over women's rights to control their fate in general and their sexual and reproductive lives in particular. Like the crusades against the Equal Rights Amendment and civil rights for homosexuals, the organized anti-abortion movement is run by right-wing fanatics who bitterly oppose any change in traditional sexual roles or women's subordinate status. They are the shock troops of the current conservative backlash, which has not only stymied urgent social and economic reform but threatens to erase the gains we have already made. The ethics of abortion may be complex, but its politics are ultimately quite simple: once again male judges, male legislators and a male President are exercising their power to tyrannize women.

Judith Coburn *Alix Kates Shulman*
Karen Durbin *Ann Snitow*
Sally George *Ellen Willis*
New York City

Magda Denes replies:

Partisanship and propaganda do not make for a clear head, or even for six clear heads. I write specifically in my article: "The decision to interfere with poor women's freedom of choice to abort seems to me catastrophically immoral, shortsighted and dehumanizing." The rest of what I say deals with President Carter's misguided intention.

As to adoption, I am critical of Vice President Mondale's proposal. Yet my correspondents seem to think that to recognize the ills of a society is to invent them. Lastly, I shudder, and so would anyone vigilant of their freedom, when politics are classed as being above or alien to morality. Abortion is a moral issue for the individual woman, rich or poor, but also for the rest of society—of which males are, in my view, a welcome and integral part.

Errormania

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Balanced budgets are dumb

Sixteen months ago, during the Pennsylvania presidential primary, front-runner Jimmy Carter called a press conference to present his first comprehensive statement of the campaign on economic issues. The night before, he had conferred over dinner at the University of Pennsylvania Faculty Club with his advisory squad of academic economists. As they reviewed the statement, Carter bridled at one phrase, that the federal budget should be balanced "at full employment." He believed, he said, in "a balanced budget, period." The assembled economists resisted this fiscal hardline. The wording that finally was worked out represented a delicate compromise: Carter would promise "a balanced budget within the context of full employment," and thus would not have to commit himself on which of the two goals would come first if they should prove in conflict.

These days, Jimmy Carter appears to be relentlessly reiterating the simple point he made—and grudgingly modified—that night in Philadelphia. As president, he seems so determined to keep his pledge of a balanced budget by 1981 that economic and social programs are all but frozen in this fixation on fiscal restraint. Carter hasn't repeated Dwight Eisenhower's simplistic comparison of the federal government and the average American family—that neither could spend beyond income very long without going bankrupt; instead, Carter invokes the more sophisticated fear that higher deficits will fuel inflation.

John Maynard Keynes defined politicians as slaves to the defunct theories of dead economists. Carter seems to be selling his policies into that slavery: following Adam Smith's 200-year-old law of supply and demand, his Administration is holding down federal spending in order to limit the production of goods and services and thereby, is it assumed, reduce upward pressures on prices.

But, in fact, the inflation rate since 1945 has not risen or fallen consistently with the size of the deficit. Several times, lesser inflation has followed higher deficits. And in the first quarter of 1977, when the effects of Gerald Ford's anti-spending vetoes were still being felt, inflation climbed back up to 9.3 percent. Carter's Economic Council Chairman Charles Schultze has predicted annual price rices of 6 to 8 percent through 1979, even as the budget moves toward balance. Liberal economist Arthur Okun foresees a steady state of price instability. His ideological opposite, Milton Friedman, looks for "decades" of simultaneous inflation and unemployment.

Richard Nixon discredited one obvious response to inflation: direct wage and price restraints. His controls were carelessly applied to begin with, then hastily repealed two years later; now the unions vigorously oppose even voluntary guidelines. They contend, accurately, that labor has been the loser in the inflationary race: workers' real income actually declined 6 percent between 1972 and 1976. As a result, Carter has had to back off his campaign proposal for standby controls. But as budgetary stinginess fails to beat down inflation, just as it failed under Nixon and Ford, at least one Administration official privately concedes that the President eventually will be forced into full-scale controls despite his current disclaimers. Meanwhile, the nation will pay the price of chronic inflation and joblessness, and domestic priorities will continue to be shortchanged. "It's a hell of a price for an ineffective policy," says the official.

There is an alternative to this Gordian economics, one that contradicts conventional preconceptions but that makes both political and economic sense. Gar Alperovitz and Jeff Faux of the Exploratory Project for Economic Alternatives first advanced it in late 1975. They identified a "new inflation" of four basic commodities—food, housing, health and energy; in each area, rising prices were the result of structural problems, and the level of the federal deficit was largely irrelevant; increased food prices, for example, were a function of global shortages and foreign sales. And fiscal restraints such as federal cutbacks in mass transit and housing assistance couldn't rein in the energy cartel. (Indeed, transit cuts would be patently counterproductive, reinforcing automobile dependence and energy waste.)

PHOTOWORLD

Roosevelt campaigning in '32: Full revolt against the "economic man"

"It was obvious," Alperovitz says now, "but the obvious wasn't obvious to establishment economists." Alperovitz and his associates decided that they had to pile on the statistical evidence. Consequently, they have just published a study, *Understanding the New Inflation* by Leslie Nutley, which empirically proves their point. The study reveals that the four basic necessities constitute 70 percent of the aver-

age family budget and account for nearly the entire inflationary impact on 80 percent of all Americans. Price increases for the necessities were 44 percent greater than the rate for all other products. And inflation in food, health, housing and energy, the study demonstrates statistically, "is not a result of excessive wage increases or government spending."

The nation's retail grocery bill escalated by $60 billion from 1972 to 1975, but, according to the study, the cause (other than foreign shortages) was profit-taking; wages in the food industry rose 7.7 percent, even as after-tax profits were climbing 20 percent annually through the first half of the decade. Similarly, the study reports that wages have been "a declining share of hospital expenses"—and that the health insurance industry is "primarily responsible" for health inflation. Land speculation and interest rates, not labor costs, have been the factors pushing up housing prices; the average interest on home mortgages has increased 37 percent over the last ten years. Higher interest rates, like budgetary restraints, have been perennial weapons in the fight against inflation, but during the decade in question, they have helped to make housing doubly expensive. The final irony of this is that construction jobs have been lost, decreasing income tax revenues and increasing unemployment benefits—and the federal deficit.

Energy is supposed to be an area of "good" inflation—and the oil companies have been only too happy to oblige. But for necessary energy uses (travel to work and home heating), the Exploratory Project reports, higher prices will not achieve significant conservation, but *are* sure to hurt most consumers.

Alperovitz and Faux's alternative to this dismal prospect is to plan "specific annual price targets for the four necessities," including energy. (The cost of "non-necessity goods [would] fluctuate freely.") For example, relatively low "lifeline" rates would apply to a basic allowance of residential fuel, with steeper rates for overconsumption.

There are precedents for the project's recommended system of "subsidies, direct pricing, and allocation programs." Alperovitz cites the Canadian wheat program, which regulates prices and supplements farmers' incomes. President Truman's Secretary of Agriculture Charles Brannan favored just such a plan for basic agricultural commodities in 1949. In Alperovitz's 1977 version, the supplements, along with co-ops, incentives for family farmers, and anti-trust action in food distribution would replace current farm subsidies and tax breaks for agribusiness, at little or no net cost.

Predictably, this will encounter stiff resistance from those with a special interest in the status quo. So will the project's suggestion of shifting from "high-cost, relatively capital intensive" health care in hospitals toward out-patient clinics, as well as its recommendation that medical bills be paid through public insurance. Perhaps the fiercest reaction will be produced by the proposals to allocate land and housing capital. Representative Henry Reuss, chairman of the House Banking Committee, has introduced legislation to set aside capital at reasonable interest rates for low and moderate income housing. Alperovitz's group seconds this reform; the banks adamantly oppose it. And the real estate industry, living well off land speculation, would lobby to the last vote against government land acquisition for housing construction. Alperovitz points to a 1972 American Institute of Architects' analysis that the acquisition of "one million acres . . . in selected urban-fringe areas could accommodate a third of the nation's [housing] growth over the next 30 years at relatively low-density."

While the Exploratory Project's strategy will inevitably arouse powerful opposition, it also might forge a countervailing majority coalition. "These policies could bridge the usual divisions," Alperovitz contends. "They wouldn't just help minorities and the poor, but four-fifths of all Americans. No single public interest group in housing, energy or health has the clout to achieve their individual objectives, but together they could push through a common package."

Already the project's study has attracted both consumer activists, Ralph Nader foremost among them, and union leaders, such as United Auto Workers' President Doug Fraser. Despite labor's revulsion toward other forms of price control, George Meany's AFL-CIO also has responded favorably in private discussions. The Congressional Black Caucus is enthusiastic; and shortly after blasting the President's budget balancing, Urban League Director Vernon Jordan said he was interested in the project's kind of policy. (Blacks, of course, have the greatest stake in loosening federal spending from the mire of anti-inflationary mythology.)

One other person also has at least a tentative interest in the "new inflation" and the Exploratory Project's strategy to control it. "The President knows about it and he's intrigued," reports a high Administration official. Pollster Pat Caddell has told Carter and Budget Director Bert Lance that his surveys show a prevalent "cash register psychology": Americans react to their own bills, not the abstractions of the Consumer Price Index; they gauge inflation by the cost of their groceries, gasoline, rent and medicine—exact parallels to the project's four basic commodities.

Carter already has moved slightly in the project's direction. After reviewing its analysis, he virtually plagiarized its premise (and even some of its wording) in his February fireside chat. "Inflation has hit us hardest not in the luxuries," he said, "but in the essentials—food, energy, health and housing." The President also has taken two baby steps toward dealing with the new inflation. His first legislative health proposal was to impose a ceiling on hospital charges. And his energy plan exempted home heating oil and propane from higher petroleum taxes.

These actions have been only "tokens," a Carter economist admits. Generally the Administration's economics continue to be tightly restricted by the concept that rising inflation is a function of declining unemployment, and vice versa. One Carter adviser believes that the President, too, is imprisoned—within his own campaign commitment to balance the budget. "He's determined to keep that promise," the adviser adds.

Jimmy Carter was not the first Democratic presidential candidate to make such a promise; like Carter, Franklin Roosevelt made his while campaigning in Pennsylvania. FDR's pledge reflected the conventional wisdom of 1932—that the cure for economic depression was cutting the federal budget; Roosevelt said that, as President, he would cut it 25 percent. And in his first months in office he did try to trim existing programs to compensate for the new measures of the First Hundred Days. But the trade-off didn't work: there simply wasn't enough old federal spending to trade away. Roosevelt had to choose between his pledge and the New Deal; in Labor Secretary Frances Perkins' phrase, he chose to go into "full revolt against the 'economic man.'" Back in Pennsylvania in 1936, after running up record peacetime deficits, Roosevelt answered the charge that he had broken his promise. "We had to balance the budget"—he paused—"of the American people."

Today, the prevailing doctrine on how to control inflation is every bit as inadequate as the economic dogma of 1932 was then. Balancing the budget will stall social progress—but not inflation. Last year, Jimmy Carter skillfully reassembled Franklin Roosevelt's political coalition. Does he now have the nerve to follow Rossevelt into revolt against the "economic man"? Carter's decision will determine whether he spends the next three years saying what we can't afford to do—or doing what we need to.●

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Media/By Peter Stone

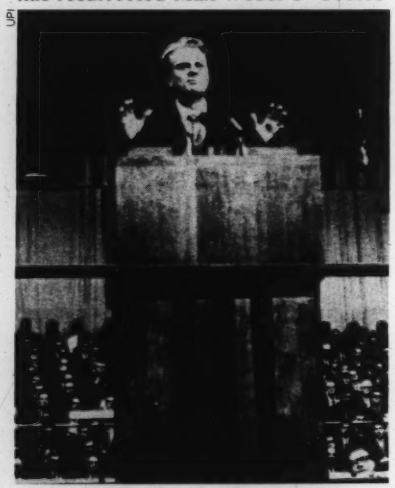
The greatest story ever told ...and retold, and retold...

In 1950, Jarrell McCracken, the president of Word Inc., had a revelation. At that time, McCracken was a graduate student in Baylor University's ministry program. To spread the faith, he recorded a football game, "The Game of Life," for an imaginary radio station, W-O-R-D: it pitted Christianity against the forces of evil. Requests for the record were so overwhelming that McCracken dropped his ministerial dreams and launched Word Inc., a Christian record company.

The record business has done well over the years, recruiting such in-the-fold superstars as Pat Boone, Anita Bryant, B.J. Thomas and Carol Lawrence. In 1965, Word—by its own telling—"startled the publishing world with the announcement that it would publish Christian Books." These efforts have been similarly blessed with books by Dallas Cowboys quarterback Roger Staubach, Father Malcolm Boyd, Senator Mark Hatfield, golf pro Gary Player, baseball stars Brooks Robinson and Nolan Ryan. Its success was capped with the best-seller, *The Gift of Inner Healing*, by Ruth Carter Stapleton, sister of the President, though any non-believers in the worldly success of Word should have been convinced in 1974 when ABC, no novice at temporal affairs, decided to acquire Word Inc. as part of its Leisure Group. Last year, its total sales revenues climbed to $25 million—double what it was a few years before; Word Books increased sales 300 percent in the same period.

But the best is probably still to come. This spring, Word really *did* startle the publishing world by nabbing Christianity's legendary Billy Graham away from Doubleday. In July, Word did a record-breaking first printing of 800,000 copies of Graham's new book, *How to be Born Again*. (They have already sold 650,000 and gone back to press for another 250,000—in comparison, one of the highest first printings ever for a hard-cover was the 150,000 copies of *Roots*.) It's not every day that an author of Billy Graham's stature and book-selling clout packs up and leaves his publisher of 20 years, so it clearly indicates his faith in Word, which, as he told *Publisher's Weekly*, the book industry's bible, "has the distribution to get the book into places like K-Mart and the A&P. ABC for its part, has access to 3,000 record stores . . . Word, unlike Doubleday, keeps me informed."

Indeed it does. Graham knows what he's talking about when he praises Word's marketing abilities which, along with heavy advertising and promotion budgets are keys to the company's rise from rags to riches. Word represents the new breed of evangelical publisher—extremely efficient, highly motivated and dedicated, tough and hard salesmen. Everyone you talk to in publishing says right off that Word, and most of the major religious houses, bring a little extra devotion and fervor to their work that sets them apart from their secular colleagues. The religious book industry has resurrected Max Weber's "Protestant ethic and the spirit of capitalism" to bring new sales highs. Wherever you look, whether it's the old-line, more serious and conservative houses like Doubleday, Harper & Row and Seabury Press, or the more flamboyant and radical houses like Word, Fleming H. Revell Co. and Logos Books, most sales curves keep going up. Just consider:


UPI

Graham: Bigger than Bombeck

• The religious book business has grown in sales from $100 million a year in 1971 to close to $500 million at the end of 1976. By comparison, all book publishing went up from $2.9 billion sales in 1971 to $4.2 billion in 1976. In addition, the number of titles making best-seller lists, despite heavy suppression has gone up (see sidebar).

• The Christian Booksellers Association, founded 25 years ago, now has 2,500 member stores and is gaining fast on the American Booksellers Association, which numbers almost 4,000 stores.

• Bantam Books, the largest paperback house in the country, has doubled (from 12 to 25) the number of religious titles published each year.

Why are there so many beatific grins in religious publishing today? Well, for one thing the Christian publishers have connected with the evangelical upswing in the country that helped put Jimmy Carter in the White House and that makes one out of three Americans Born Again Christians, according to George Gallup. And, in turn, Carter's election was a powerful stamp of approval for the whole Born Again movement. Of course, the media has aided and abetted this shift in our consciousness, if not in the substance of American belief. There are ample precedents all over American history for religious revivals whenever hard times have come; there may be, however, something a bit different this time around (even if it's only the slicker packaging of the "I Found It" ad campaign).

William Barbour, the dapper, fiftyish president of the Fleming H. Revell Company, expresses one school of thought about Christian publishing's success, attributing it to "inflation, the international situation, higher divorce rates, and a climate of insecurity. People are looking for something they can count on." This results in "not just a wave, but a great rising tide of interest in evangelical books."

A somewhat different view is offered by Werner Linz, the articulate president of Seabury Press, who does not see an "explosion" in religious books, but gradual, growing interest in spiritual matters. However, Linz concedes that there's "a great deal of insecurity out there, a great search for values, and many people are asking for very easy, very personal, very immediate answers to perennial questions."

The whole phenomenon reminds Linz of pop entertainment, "where many answers have come from our talk-show gurus and sports heroes. You know, there's a lot of rah-rah-rah and hard sell from many of the evangelical publishers who have come from more merchandise-oriented industries and lack long publishing traditions."

And just what are millions of people buying to assuage their insecurities? In some respects, it's not all that different from what's been showing up regularly on the *New York Times* best-seller list in recent years—the hottest evangelical books today are the "self-help" and "how-to" titles. These books mark the evangelical publishers' first forays into areas that were off-limits because of their worldly connotations—family problems, sex, drugs, alcohol, jobs and death. Here are what seem to be doing well: *How To Be Financially Free; God's Psychiatrist; How to Overcome Stress and Tension in Your Life; Chipped Dishes, Zippers and Prayer; Outside Disneyland, or Practical Christianity for Real Life Hassles; Disciplines of the Beautiful Woman; God's Answer to Fat: Lose It.*

"All of us in the industry," says Revell's Barbour, "are *heavy* into books on marriage, sex, and getting along with your mate." Marabel Morgan's *Total Woman* is a perfect example. It has sold over 3 million copies in the last few years, the majority to women, who have traditionally been the most avid readers of evangelical books. But now, Barbour notes, Revell and other companies are realizing that they "have been remiss in not publishing more 'he-man' books. We did *Born Again* by Chuck Colson. When you get a guy, a Chuck Colson, for instance, who's been through what he's been through, to stand up anywhere and be counted for Christ, this is real he-man stuff." Coming up this month will be a book by Anita Bryant called *The Anita Bryant Story*, which will express the evangelical position that homosexuality is a sin. "This doesn't mean as Christians we should turn our backs on homosexuals," Barbour says. "After all, they can become God's children."

And right now the future looks pretty rosy for the religious book industry. Word Books has a fitting sequel to Billy Graham's *How to Be Born Again* coming in early 1978, which may be as good an indicator as anything of what lies ahead. They will be publishing a new book by Eldridge Cleaver, former head of the Black Panther Party, author of *Soul on Ice* and most recently a Born Again Christian. If nothing else, its title alone will insure hefty sales. The book is to be called *Soul on Fire.*●

The *real* best-seller list

If God had wanted us to have best sellers, He would have given us reliable lists: the ones we have now are notoriously fallible. Many religious books should be counted among the Chosen Ten—yet despite their high sales, they rarely make it to the *New York Times* or *Publishers Weekly* lists. When they do break through, they rarely rise much above the middle positions before fading. Why? The major best-seller lists simply don't contact religious bookstores about sales. (The NYTBR has just announced an improved, computerized system for picking its best sellers based on actual sales from a larger number of stores, rather than estimated sales. They *still* will not include religious bookstores because "they are a separate breed," according to Ray Walters of the NYTBR.) Adding to the discrimination, general-interest bookstores only stock a few divinely inspired works.

Still, some sales can't be ignored. From 1972 through 1975, *Publishers Weekly* had a religious book heading their annual best-seller list: *The Living Bible* by Ken Taylor (1972 and 1973, over 22 million sold, in all); *Total Woman* by Marabel Morgan (1974); *Angels* by Billy Graham (1975)—1976 had the apocalyptic sounding, *The Final Days*, heading the list.

The 1976 *real* best-seller list is not what you would find in *PW* or *NYTBR*. It includes religious bookstore sales and Bibles (the figures are from the Christian News Service). Of the religious titles ranked here, only two made the *PW* list: *Born Again* (fifth) and *Angels* (seventh).

THE REAL BEST-SELLER LIST:

1) **The Living Bible** by Kenneth Taylor (2,225,000)
2) *The Final Days* by Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein (630,000)
3) **Angels** by Billy Graham (500,000)
4) *Roots* by Alex Haley (454,000)
5) **The Way** by Kenneth Taylor (396,000)
6) **The Jerusalem Bible**, edited by Alexander Jones (380,000)
7) **Born Again** by Charles Colson (372,000)
8) *Your Erroneous Zones* by Dr. Wayne W. Dyer (368,000)
9) *Passages* by Gail Sheehy (350,000)
10) *The Grass is Greener over the Septic Tank* by Erma Bombeck (323,000)

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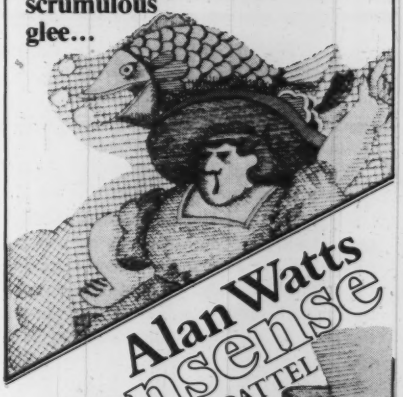

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The Insider

Politics

Zbiggy in repose

Zbigniew Brzezinski has at least temporarily decelerated his ambitions in the White House. He now sees his function, it is said, almost exclusively as one of briefing the President and seeing that (in D. C. language) Carter gets the appropriate "paper" for his decision-making background. Reports say that he is taking a passive position in the administration, not recommending foreign-policy options, nor arguing with the President. He simply is performing a professorial role: informing Jimmy Carter.

One Harvard professor who was close to Henry Kissinger believes that Brzezinski is putting out that rumor himself. "Since foreign policy is in such disarray," says the Kissinger friend, "Zbiggy may be using Henry's old technique of saying that all he did was give the briefings. Remember, Kissinger spread the word among his press buddies that he didn't really approve of the invasion of Cambodia. Zbig may be trying to keep his hands similarly unsullied."

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRED CONRAD/SYGMA

Brzezinski: Prone and waiting

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL NELSON

And in Wales the number is Llangynog 3-3000, that's Llangynog 3-3000

Although Richard Nixon could never foist Donald Nixon's Nixonburger on the American public, other presidents have had dramatic commercial effect. When President Kennedy said he liked Ian Fleming's 007 books, they scored, and Harry Truman made terrifyingly loud sports shirts the rage. Jimmy Carter has already had his effect on commercialism, though it's not what you think. (You probably guessed something dumb like he raised peanut sales.)

During the campaign last year, Carter enjoyed mentioning that he sometimes gathered his sons or unwilling Georgia state senators to listen to recordings of the Welsh writer Dylan Thomas' poetry. Caedmon, the New York producer of the recordings of Thomas' readings, says that sales have since more than doubled. "We did nothing more [in promotion] in the last year than ever before," says a Caedmon spolesman. "I just wish past presidents had been as literate as Carter."

Loose lips sink ambassadorships

Jimmy Carter is withdrawing William Schaufele's ambassadorial appointment to Greece because of a casual remark he made in his Senate confirmation hearing. The problem arose when Schaufele, a career diplomat, cast doubt on Greek-Turkish territorial settlements involving islands off the coast of Turkey, describing them as "unusual arrangements."

Nobody in Washington thought the description particularly unusual, but when reports of Schaufele's language were published in mid-July in the Greek press, the extreme right and left opposition to the government of Premier Constantine Karamanlis went through the roof.

Leaders of the Greek-American community said they thought the phrase showed a cavalier and uninformed attitude toward a very touchy problem. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance promised Karamanlis Schaufele would not be sent to Greece until after Vance and Greek Foreign Minister George Bitsios could discuss the matter in September when the United Nations General Assembly opened in New York, believing the matter would blow over by then. It did not, and recently, Administration officials have admitted that Schaufele was probably on his way out and another name would be sent to the Senate for confirmation.

Said one Administration official: "Schaufele's usefulness and ability to gain the confidence of the officials he would be dealing with has certainly been somewhat undermined."

Translation: "Wave good-bye to the nice man." —*David Murray*

And in 1979 the Comet Kohoutek will destroy life as we know it

Psychic Jean Dixon, has a new revelation: Deep Throat was a woman. Says Dixon: "The public has assumed that Deep Throat was a man ever since the Watergate story began to unfold. But Deep Throat was not a man. In my meditations on the Watergate tragedy, I have consistently visualized Deep Throat as a woman.

"Her eyes were light—perhaps blue, gray, or green. I did not recognize her so she was probably a person who worked behind the scenes in the Nixon White House.

"Sometimes her voice is almost audible—like the wind at the far end of a tunnel. But where she is now and what she is doing, I do not know."

Charting the ride between Scylla and Charybdis

Our slippery President of the United States may yet squeeze through a tight crack on the abortion question. The Senate and the House have approved different abortion amendments, giving the White House the chance to choose one for which to lobby. The Senate's version of the amendment refuses Medicaid funds for abortion except when "medically necessary"; by a liberal definition (one that includes psychological factors in the evaluation) "medically necessary" could be practically always. The House version is sterner: it prohibits funds except in case of incest, rape or specific kinds of danger to the mother's health.

HEW Secretary Joseph Califano has said that the Senate version is unacceptable. It represents, he says, neither his view nor the President's. Nevertheless, HEW and White House lobbyists didn't seem to mobilize for the House version before Congress recessed and reportedly have no intention of doing so when it recovenes. That gives the Senate version a reasonable chance. And *that* would help assuage Carter's liberal critics.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

Califano: Hands off

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Edward Korry and the unspilt Chilean beans

A federal grand jury has reportedly handed President Carter a ticking grenade, recommending multiple-count perjury indictments against former CIA director Richard Helms, ITT chief executive Harold S. Geneen and ITT senior vice-president Edward J. Gerrity. They'll be accused of having lied to two Senate committees in 1973 about an ITT-CIA conspiracy to block the installment of the late Salvador Allende as president of Chile in 1970.

Korry: Carter will decide

In addition, both the grand jury and the Securities and Exchange Commission are investigating charges that ITT orchestrated one of the largest fraud schemes against the U.S. government in history. Allegedly, it collected $94.1 million on insurance issued by a federal agency called the Overseas Private Investment Corporation (OPIC) to cover the 1971 expropriation of its $153 million investment in the Chilean Telephone Company.

Attorney General Griffin Bell has referred the case to President Carter for his personal consideration on the grounds that an unprecedented criminal trial of a former intelligence chief would expose details of the CIA's operations and national security materials during the Allende years. Further juicing up the decision facing Carter: Henry Kissinger will reportedly be accused of ordering Helms to perjure himself before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in 1973, when the former director denied that the CIA had helped funnel money to Allende's opponents in the fall of 1970.

The department has reportedly dragged its feet on the 16-month-old investigation because of the Helms factor. Edward M. Korry, U.S. ambassador to Chile from 1967 to 1971, told Justice Department attorneys in early 1976 of the ITT-CIA conspiracy to deliver $350,000 in ITT monies to right-wing Allende foes in late September 1970. Korry submitted a 62-page deposition in July 1976 to Justice's Criminal Division charging ITT with having lied to the Senate panels about the payoffs and the CIA connection, with defrauding OPIC and with bribing Allende administration members to protect ITT's Chilean stake.

Frustrated with Justice's lack of action on the case, Korry filed a $4.6 million lawsuit against Geneen and ITT this May in which he also accused Senator Frank Church's Select Committee on Intelligence with having concealed information relating to the ITT-CIA conspiracy by refusing to make public the former envoy's February 1976 executive session testimony. Sources in Justice have told us that the department met difficulties in obtaining from the committee cables written by Korry while ambassador that relate to the grand jury investigation. The Church committee summoned no ITT executives to testify during its 1975 investigation of the CIA's covert operations abroad, and still refuses to publish the Korry testimony.

A federal indictment would place Helms in the unenviable position of having to spill secret after secret about the history of CIA operations in Chile in order to save his neck; he has already begun scrambling, enlisting the aid of old friends from within government and without. Former Secretary of Defense Clark Clifford and others have made private appeals to the Carter Administration in recent months to spare Helms, and a recent column by Rowland Evans and Robert Novak wailed that a Helms indictment and trail "would be the single most damaging thing that could be done to this country."

Benjamin Civiletti, head of the Criminal Division in the Justice Department, has indicated that the final verdict from the Oval Office should come down within the next month.

—Joseph L. Contreras

A strip too far

New York City's *Doonesbury* readers were treated to a series of six-year-old episodes during the last week of August. Why this sudden trip down memory lane? It seems that the *Daily News*, which publishes the Pulitzer Prize-winning comic, decided that "it would not be in the best interest of the News" to run the strips that appeared in the rest of the nation's newspapers. Cartoonist Gary Trudeau satirized the *News*, and particularly columnist Jimmy Breslin, for its coverage of the Son of Sam saga. (*NT*, 9/2/77)

GOOD MORNING! NEW YORK "DAILY NEWS," PROMOTION DEPARTMENT.
YES, HELLO. I'M ABOUT TO KILL SOMEONE, AND I'D LIKE TO TALK TO SOMEBODY ABOUT COVERAGE.
YES, SIR. WOULD THIS BE AN ISOLATED CRIME OF PASSION, OR WILL YOU BE MAKING A HABIT OF IT?
UH... I DON'T KNOW... I'M NOT SURE... I MEAN, I DON'T KNOW MY LONG-RANGE PLANS YET..
I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT WE HAVE TO KNOW WHAT SORT OF STORY YOURS IS.
MINE IS A STORY OF HOPELESSNESS AND SHATTERED DREAMS IN THE CITY THEY CALL NEW YORK.
FINE. THAT WOULD BE MR. BRESLIN. PLEASE HOLD.
GBTrudeau

Doonesbury fans thought they were in luck. The New York *Post* gleefully ran the censored strip until Wednesday when the *News* enjoined its competitor from continuing. The *Post* was reduced to acerbically describing Trudeau's remaining four days of *News* lampooning.

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Reagan measures Panamanian hat

Ronald Reagan's advisers are warning him that his opposition to the Panama Canal treaty could backfire. If he sticks with his strident stance as leader of the anti-administration forces, the treaty well be rejected in the Senate. But winning the battle might mean losing the war. If the treaty fails, bloody rioting—or worse—in Panama is virtually a certainty. Reagan aides are telling their boss that public opinion would perceive the blood to be exclusively on his hands. Odds are that Reagan will take a back seat on the issue.

DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

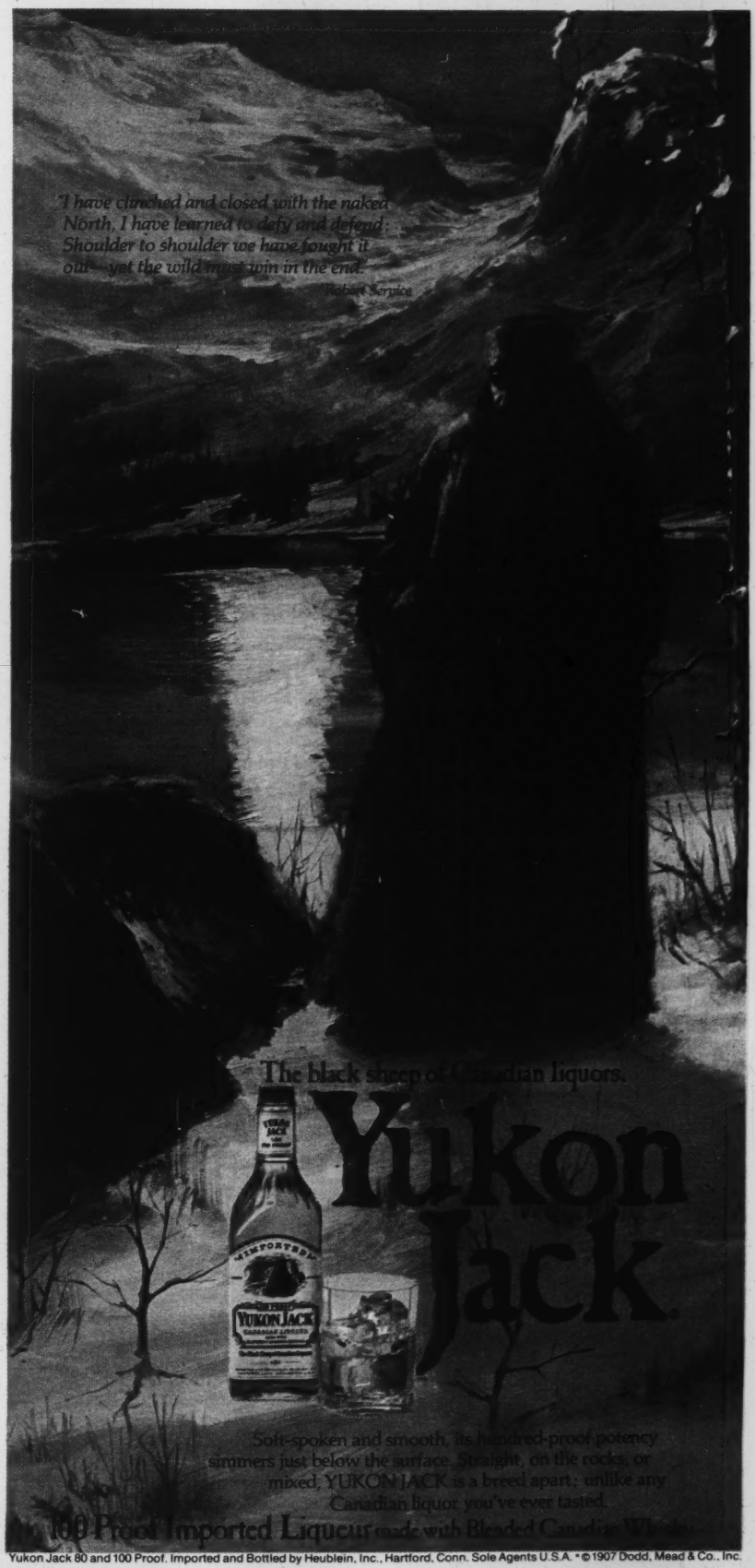
Ronnie: Pondering the ambush

Seventies

The Green Lantern Never Took Public Money

To promote their services, the Vermont Yankee Nuclear Power Corporation has found a new salesman: Atom Man, whose presence is now blanketing Vermont's airwaves,costing each Vermont taxpayer about six cents a year. His atomic mission: "To be ever alert for misinformation about power and correct it wherever I can." In one ad, the public super-servant appears Big Brother-like in the bathroom of Citizen Melvin Furbill to chastise the naughty fellow because "last night you told a friend that nuclear power is not safe." Atom Man forgot that two years ago Yankee Power spilled 83,000 gallons of radioactive water into the Connecticut River and last month, it replaced its plant's pipes because, ominously, they had cracked. Surprisingly, Atom Man didn't show up to repair hem with his famous fission vision.

—Susan Green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Steer to the starboard side of the island that looks like it's got a big arrowhead sticking straight up from it. A couple of dozen islands later, you'll pass an anchor that looks like something hauled up from the *Sir Robert Peel,* a steamer that mysteriously went down in the St. Lawrence. As you round a bend, you'll sight a water tower looming in the distance. Head straight for it. If you spot some latter-day Huck Finns swinging far out on a rope cannonballing into the water...you've gone too far!

Now reverse your course and nudge into the second deserted cove you come to. Congratulations—you're now just a good angler's cast from the lightest, smoothest whisky in 87 lands. Walk toward the middle of a field exactly 119 paces (the same number of years people have been enjoying Canada's favorite Canadian). Now...dig!

But before you set out, remember to bring a few glasses and a big bucket of ice. Because the second your shovel smacks into that buried case, you're going to want to settle down and savor some C.C. right on the spot. And if you can't make it up to the Thousand Islands to go hunting for our buried treasure, why not just head down to the nearest tavern or package store and say, "C.C., please."

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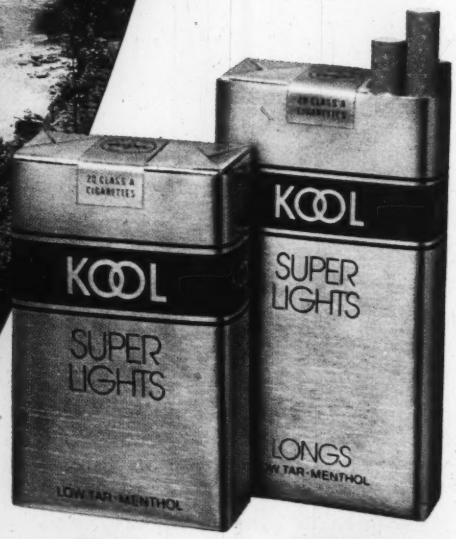

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The Plywood Palace's progress

"The problem has been solved," Henry Cobb announced in 1974; the principal architect of the Hancock tower in Boston was obviously relieved.

The *problem* was that for more than a year, large "lites"—massive 4½- by 11-foot panes of glass—had been falling from the sides of the tower. The solution: all 10,344 lites would have to be replaced with a new, stronger form of glass. It was an expensive ($7 million) solution, but the only one which could save the 60-story, $160 million structure built to be world headquarters of the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company.

The reglazing was completed in August of 1975; the tower, a dramatic shaft of basseted glass, became a highlight of Boston's skyline. Then the *new* windows began to fall out. And continued falling out.

During the past two years 24 have self-destructed. Now, each day, all day, Hancock-hired guards watch for signs of a break: a loud pop and a change in the window's color (the glass normally acts like a mirror, but when fractured, loses its reflective quality). Immediately, the internal air pressure of the building is reversed—the change tends to "stabilize" broken glass in its frame—and additional guards are dispatched to divert traffic away from the tower. Unlike the $7 million solution, the system works: no one has been injured by falling glass.

The *new* problem in the reglazed building is apparently caused by nickel sulfide "stones" which may trigger spontaneous fractures, a two- to three-year process. Which means, in the opinion of one engineering consultant, that, for the Hancock tower, "the problem is just beginning." —*Craig Waters*

PHOTOGRAPH BY IVAN MASSAR/BLACK STAR

John Hancock building: Saran Wrap's next

Sacco and Vanzetti's social poltergeists

On August 23, 1927, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts attempted to dispose of the Sacco-Vanzetti matter: it executed the two anarchists *and* the man who had confessed to their crime. On July 19, 1977, the Commonwealth was still attempting to "close a chapter in history" as Governor Michael Dukakis issued a proclamation designating August 23 "Sacco and Vanzetti Memorial Day," and declaring that "any stigma and disgrace should be forever removed from [their] names . . ."

Sacco's widow wept with joy when she learned of the proclamation and Vanzetti's sister wrote from Italy: "I thank you [Dukakis] not only for myself and my family, but also on behalf of all who in Italy and throughout the world have worked . . . for this cause." Spencer Sacco, a grandson, wasn't so easily appeased: "The tragedy of my grandmother's life can't be mended by a piece of . . . legal paper."

WIDE WORLD

Sacco and Vanzetti: Still defended

The old controversy broiled once more: Peter Fuller, the son of Alvin Fuller, the governor who withheld clemency from the condemned men, saw the proclamation as an attack on his father; Harry King, the sole surviving juror in the trial called it a "colossal blunder." On August 8, the Massachusetts Senate passed a resolution (later tabled) condemning Dukakis' action and reserving August 23 to the memory of the victims—Frederick Parmenter and Alessandro Berardelli—killed during the April 15, 1920, robbery of the Slater & Morrill shoe company in South Braintree.

On August 23, the fiftieth anniversary of the execution of the Nicola Sacco and Bartomeleo Vanzetti, "The Passion of a Good Shoemaker and a Poor Fish Peddler," a play based on the prison writings of the two, was presented in Boston's North End—in a small park across the street from the funeral home where their bodies had lain in state. Disabled American veterans gathered at the grave of Frederick Parmenter for a memorial service. A man on the street interviewed in Springfield, Massachusetts, noted that Sacco and Vanzetti were "a great second-base combination."

Little, it seemed, was laid to rest: this month, the Massachusetts State Police will finally open their flies on the Slater & Morall robbery; in December, Harvard University will release the long-secret report on the trial it has held since 1927.

—*Craig Waters*

Chicago: the squeak and the roar of racism

Vera Silas received the first death threat early on a Sunday morning, hours after the first editions of the newspaper in which she had said her children were switching schools hit the streets.

"And we're still getting three to five harassing phone calls a day," Mrs. Silas says. "It's so disgusting. My two youngest children are home from the day-care center 'cause it's closed in the summertime, and when I get home from work they say 'Ma, people called again and said they are going to kill us.' But I'm not gonna be bothered by that crap."

Vera Silas, a black Chicago North Sider, is preparing to switch four of her five children from predominantly black schools considered "critically overcrowded" to underutilized, predominantly white schools about four miles away, when the semester begins September 7. They are part of this city's "voluntary transfer plan."

There has been no court-ordered busing in Chicago, because no one has filed suit charging desegregation. (The NAACP says it has "money and manpower" problems that prevent it from suing.) The school board has been placed on probationary status by the state Office of Education, a condition recently extended until March 1978. Until then, at least, neither federal nor state educational funds will be withheld. What has been ordered, by an administrative law judge last February, is that the school system transfer 2,000 teachers and some 50 principals to meet racial guidelines.

The Chicago school system has more than half a million pupils, three-fourths of them non-white, and even the city council, the aldermen who try to make the machine work as it reels in the wake of Mayor Daley's death last winter, are worried. Some were meeting privately, without the prior approval of Daley's successor, Mayor Michael Bilandic, to establish demands for more control of the school system, sure that the furies raised by desegregation could easily be vented on the machine itself.

The most vocal opponents of the voluntary busing plan live in the blue-collar, working-class community on the city's Southwest Side. There, in the Bogan area, a maximum of 240 students from two virtually all-black schools on the "critically overcrowded" list would be able to transfer to five underused, mostly white schools in the district. So far, only seven black students have signed up.

"It's just our housing patterns; these are neighborhood schools," says Mary Cvack, a Bogan resident who has worked over the last 13 years to keep blacks out of her children's schools. "I want to live in a white community, and I want my youngest child to finish in a white school."

The protesters have sat in on the Mayor, they have jeered the school board, they have picketed in the Loop and they have launched "Operation Resist" much like Boston's ROAR to keep the busses from rolling on September 7. The Reverend Jesse Jackson has appealed directly to Mayor Bilandic to head off possible violence in the schools. Later, Police Chief James Rochford assured parents that police will be placed in classrooms if necessary to prevent violence.

Said one protest leader: "It's going to be a hot two weeks before school starts." —*Mick Zielenziger*

WIDE WORLD

Anti-busing rioters: Chicago's turn

Mind & Body

500 Americans a year get lobotomized

BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Most Americans who saw *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* assumed that Randall McMurphy's lobotomy was just a nightmare example of an operation that no longer threatened. At least 50,000 mind-altering lobotomies were performed during the forties and fifties, many with a sterilized ice-pick, but the procedure fell into disrepute—especially when some of the patients turned into human vegetables. Suddenly, however, lobotomies have come back into fashion: at least 500 were performed in the United States last year.

The congressionally-mandated U. S. Commission for the Protection of Human Subjects has submitted its proposed guidelines for psychosurgery to the Department of HEW; one recommendation enthusiastically encourages "conducting and supporting research for these techniques." The commission also supports the idea that violent instincts, anxiety, depression, anger and other emotions can be located in specific parts of the brain and wiped out. An HEW spokesperson said that funding would become available for psychosurgical research.

We went to see Helen, a 47-year-old middle-class housewife who had just had a lobotomy. She spoke coherently about the operation, though the lack of enthusiasm in her voice was obvious. Her flat voice seemed slightly strained by the intensity of the conversation. "I don't remember things as well as I used to," she said. The operation, recommended by her doctor for depression, "seems to have made things even a little worse. I don't know how I thought things would be different but I thought they would.

"I was unhappy for a long time, my kids had left home, my husband was never home. I had gone through a few electric shock treatments. The psychiatrist and I talked and he recommended psychosurgery. When you feel this bad, you try everything . . . Sometimes I get seizures," she said. She says that she regrets the operation.

Another reason to encourage California's secession from the Union

It's said (where else) in California that the best way to get off the couch is to get on the court. Vigorous activity, says a circle of west coast shrinks, breaks a cycle of "sensory deprivation," stimulates the brain and helps unmask the unconscious. "I had several patients I was making absolutely no progress with," San Diego psychiatrist Thaddeus Kostrubala told—if there was ever an inevitable magazine, this is it—*Sportsmedicine*. "So I decided to try running with them three times a week." The changes were remarkable. Those with depression had fewer symptoms, a schizophrenic was able to get along without drugs, and a young woman with a food phobia soon started eating. The psychiatrists say that squash and handball appear particularly helpful for extreme paranoid types who have trouble telling where their bodies end and space begins, or those who feel walls are closing in or moving out. One psychiatrist reports that a patient he couldn't get to open up in therapy started crying uncontrollably after running a few miles. "It was the release she needed," says her therapist. We say it was cramps.

Sousée

There may be those who will try and prove differently, but doctors at the University of Toronto say dames can't handle liquor like men can. In a study of 135 female and 737 male alcoholics—similar in age and social class—the Toronto doctors found that the women had developed more ailments, despite the fact they'd been drinking an average of 14 years to the men's 20. The women were especially susceptible to cirrhosis of the liver; they contracted cirrhosis twice as frequently as the men did.

—*Larry Frederick*

MOVIE STAR NEWS

Loaded: After one wine spritzer

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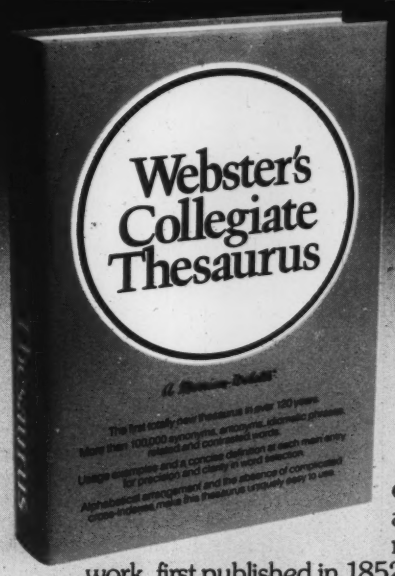

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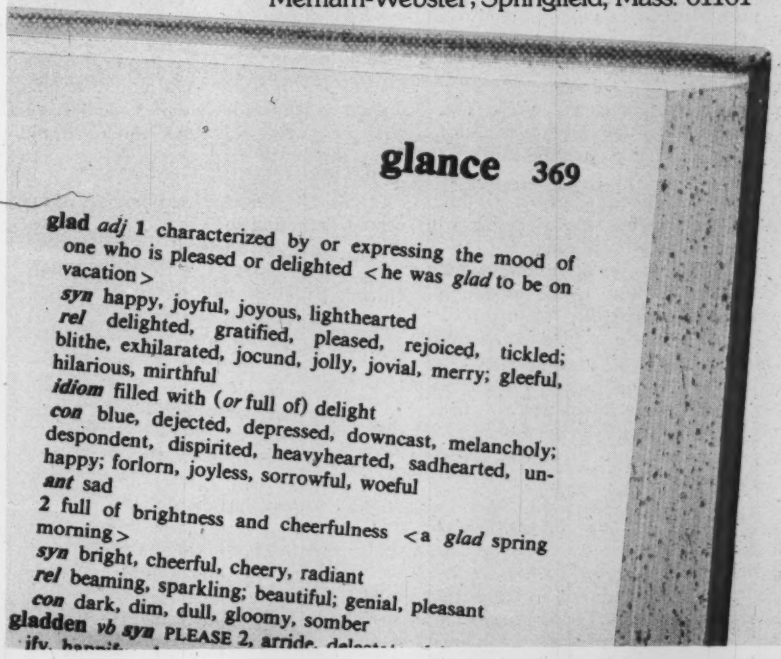


glance 369

glad *adj* 1 characterized by or expressing the mood of one who is pleased or delighted <he was *glad* to be on vacation>
syn happy, joyful, joyous, lighthearted
rel delighted, gratified, pleased, rejoiced, tickled; blithe, exhilarated, jocund, jolly, jovial, merry; gleeful, hilarious, mirthful
idiom filled with (*or* full of) delight
con blue, dejected, depressed, downcast, melancholy; despondent, dispirited, heavyhearted, sadhearted, unhappy; forlorn, joyless, sorrowful, woeful
ant sad
2 full of brightness and cheerfulness <a *glad* spring morning>
syn bright, cheerful, cheery, radiant
rel beaming, sparkling; beautiful; genial, pleasant
con dark, dim, dull, gloomy, somber
gladden *vb* *syn* PLEASE 2, arride, delect

Years before costly animal experiments give results, an Ames test will warn us about deadly new carcinogens

Bruce Ames escalates the war on cancer

By Arthur Lubow

Bruce Ames was munching on a potato chip when he stumbled from academics into politics. It was 1964. Ames, a geneticist studying bacteria, looked at the label on the package of chips and wondered whether food additives damaged human chromosomes. Were modern chemicals polluting the gene pool, weakening future generations? It seemed something worth knowing.

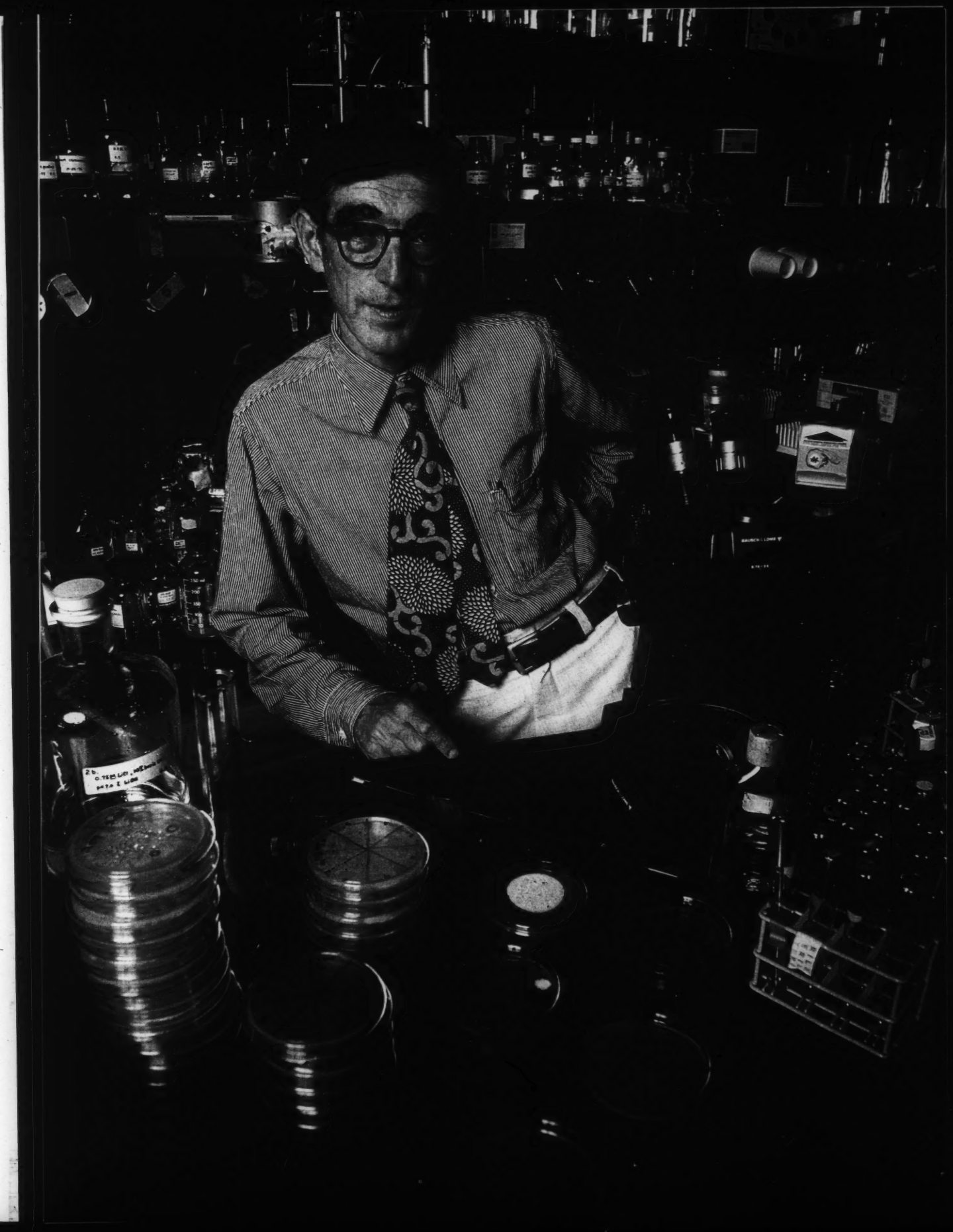
Following a scientific trail opened by that question, Ames has devised a quick, cheap way to test whether chemicals cause cancer. His method relies on a theory that he has helped to prove: chemicals induce cancer by damaging genetic material called DNA. Growing bacteria in laboratory dishes, Ames developed a technique that is being used by industries and governments across the world as a microbial canary whose chirps may save us from environmental disaster. The test has won widespread acceptance and inspired a dozen imitators over the last three years. Eventually, it and its successors will replace slow, costly, imprecise animal experiments, since years before such studies give results an Ames test can warn us that a new chemical may be carcinogenic. The test takes just a few days and costs about $400. Using animals to get the same information takes two years and costs about $200,000. There are just too many chemicals and too few laboratory rats to permit thorough animal testing.

"There's no question that since the Second World War, we have been in an industrial chemical age," Ames says. "Our floors are made of plastic and our clothes are made of plastic. Nobody knows anything about most of these chemicals. Even if only a few percent turn out to be carcinogenic, we have been exposed to a whole number of risks. I'm afraid that in the next five or ten years, we will see the effects of the modern chemical world." There is a pressing need to spot dangerous chemicals quickly, so they can be removed from the market, or—better yet—nipped in the early stages of development. The alternative is to wait several years for ambiguous animal data—or to wait even longer and count the bodies of human victims in an epidemiological study.

One of the most pernicious facts about cancer is the long time gap—as much as 30 years—between human exposure to an environmental carcinogen and the appearance of a tumor. Scientists believe that 90 percent of human cancer is caused by environmental exposures. Most of these carcinogens, however, are things not normally regarded as "environmental": fatty foods, for example, or cigarettes. Only about 2 percent of environmental carcinogens are thought to be industrial chemicals. Corporations that manufacture these substances repeatedly emphasize that 2 percent figure. The weakness of their argument is that the lag between exposure and disease onset prevents us from knowing yet the legacy of the industrial boom of the last 30 years. And for the 6,000 new chemicals brought to market each year, if we wait 30 years to observe the human reaction, we may be inviting an unimaginable catastrophe. That is why industry and government for the last 40 years have tested industrial chemicals on laboratory animals. And that is why the Ames test and similar rapid and inexpensive techniques are so important.

Most major chemical and drug firms—including such giants as DuPont, Merck and American Cyanamid—routinely use the Ames test to check whether new products in development might cause cancer. "It's very costly to develop a new product," says Blaine McKusick, assistant director of the Haskell Laboratory at Dupont. "Although the cost of research is so high it would make you weep, that's nothing compared to the cost of development. If you get a bad result on an Ames test, that may be enough to kill that candidate right then and there. Unless there's something pretty special about this candidate, you would probably discontinue development of it." Last February, DuPont shelved a Freon substitute (Freon has been removed from aerosols because it

PHOTOGRAPH BY SANDY SOLOMON



PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE PHILLIPS

Environmental cancer: Its causes are as close as your local supermarket; its detection, thanks to Ames, is now moving in the express lane

depletes the ozone layer of the atmosphere) when, in a last-minute Ames test, the chemical tested weakly positive. "We were all set to go with test marketing it," McKusick recalls. "We decided not to go ahead with it. It could be a carcinogen, and it wasn't right to expose people with this question mark hanging over it." Of course, if F-22 (the DuPont name of the chemical) did prove to be carcinogenic, any additional money spent on it would also be down the tube. "What made this one so unusual is that it was so late in the game," McKusick points out. "We usually catch them in the cradle."

Companies appreciate the Ames test when they're developing products. "They're happy to have it because it saves them money," Ames says. "But they're not happy when a compound they're selling is shown to be mutagenic." That's what has happened with peroxide hair dyes, children's pajamas and decaffeinated coffee. Ames has investigated all of them. And they are all mutagenic. They all appear to cause cancer.

The test Ames started working on in 1964 was almost ready to go public by 1974. By then, his original interest in mutagens had narrowed to carcinogens, or cancer-producing substances. Ames began with Salmonella bacteria, the same microbes that produce food poisoning. There is a huge store of information on the genetics of Salmonella, so it is excellently suited to Ames' purposes. The Ames Salmonella test is elegantly simple. A protein component called histidine is essential to life. Although normal Salmonella can manufacture histidine, a mutant strain of the bacteria cannot. Ames took this mutant strain and refined it: he made its membrane more permeable to chemicals, and he weakened its ability to repair damaged genetic material (DNA). He then added a suspect chemical to this special strain of Salmonella grown on a laboratory dish. Normally, in an environment lacking histidine, the special strain would die. But if the chemical under investigation had mutagenic properties—the power to alter DNA—some of the billion bacteria would be changed to a form capable of manufacturing histidine. These bacteria would grow. In a few days, Ames could examine his dishes. If a dish was bare, the chemical in it appeared safe. If bacteria were growing, that spelled trouble.

Although uninformed people believe that "everything causes cancer," most chemicals do not produce mutations in Salmonella. A professor of biochemistry at the University of California, Ames has an idiosyncratic way of trying out numerous potential carcinogens. Every year he asks the students in his undergraduate laboratory class to bring in something to be tested in the Salmonella assay. They bring in marijuana or birth control pills or whatever they're concerned about. In 1974, one student brought in a hair dye. When it was added to a dish, the bacteria grew like mad. Out of hundreds of products tested, only the hair dye and cigarette smoke came up positive. "I didn't know what was in hair dyes," Ames recalls. "I found out you were putting 4 grams of aromatic amines on your head with all this peroxide." He decided to investigate further.

In June 1975, he published a paper, after having tested 169 commercial oxidative hair dyes. He found that 89 percent were mutagenic and therefore probably carcinogenic. He discovered mutagenic effects for 9 out of 18 chemical components of these dyes. For a $337 million a year industry, these conclusions represented a lunge to the jugular. Two months before publication, someone leaked the paper to the *New York Times*, and the fight was on.

The Cosmetic, Fragrance and Toiletry Association, an industry group dominated by the major producer,Clairol, sent out a flurry of statements challenging the Ames test and highlighting more optimistic assessments, mainly sketchy epidemiological data. "Scientists try to look at each word to get the precise meaning," Ames says with a smile. "Clairol press releases were doing the same thing in reverse. They seemed designed to get the maximum amount of misinformation per word."

A small, delicate man with a chipped front tooth, Ames has the nervous energy of an oversized sparrow. Hopping about his office, he recalls the premature hair-dye imbroglio with a little

regret. "It was important to get people to believe in the test before becoming involved in anything controversial," he says. And the publication date of his validation study, showing that the test was 90 percent accurate for 300 known carcinogens and non-carcinogens, was still seven months off. But the hair dye issue couldn't wait. It had waited far too long already.

The probable carcinogenicity of most hair dyes was no secret by 1975. Even beneath an overlay of deliberate obfuscation and botched scientific work, the palimpsest was perfectly legible. "This is a case when all you have to do is see what chemicals are involved, and see what happens when you put them on your head," says Ames' associate Joyce McCann. "You don't even have to do animal tests. With just a little common sense, you can see that it would be too dangerous."

The Salmonella test is "designed to complement, not replace, animal tests," Ames says. "We miss 10 percent and I am not happy to rely solely on Salmonella with a chemical that is widely used by people." The FDA is equally cautious, but its fears are different. It is worried about false alarms, not missed detections. "The Ames test means, in short, amber light," the FDA's Heinz Eiermann says. "It doesn't mean green or red. It means there may be a problem, but it doesn't mean 100 percent certainty that there is a problem."

Even now, two years later, the FDA is in no rush to find out that hair dyes cause cancer because, even if it should reach that conclusion with an adequate percentage of certainty, no one knows what its next move would be. The Food, Drugs and Cosmetics Act of 1938, which created the agency, explicitly provides cosmetics with loopholes the size of craters. "Even if we found a hair dye was carcinogenic under conditions of use, I think it would be extremely difficult to consider that product adulterated," Eiermann says. "To me, it appears we don't have the authority. I'm not a lawyer. Maybe one could regulate under the misbranding provision. If a product may cause cancer and there's sufficient factual data to support that, it may be misleading to omit that information on the label. We are awaiting the results of the NCI tests, and we are doing some soul-searching about what we should do and what we can do, about whether these substances may be a health hazard, and if so, what approach we may take under the law to regulate."

Eiermann thinks we need "additional testing." His FDA colleague, chief of genetic engineering Sidney Green, says, "We already know that hair dyes are mutagens." He has just tested five components in mammalian cell culture for carcinogenic transformations without a liver activation system. Three tested positive, and he thinks that with

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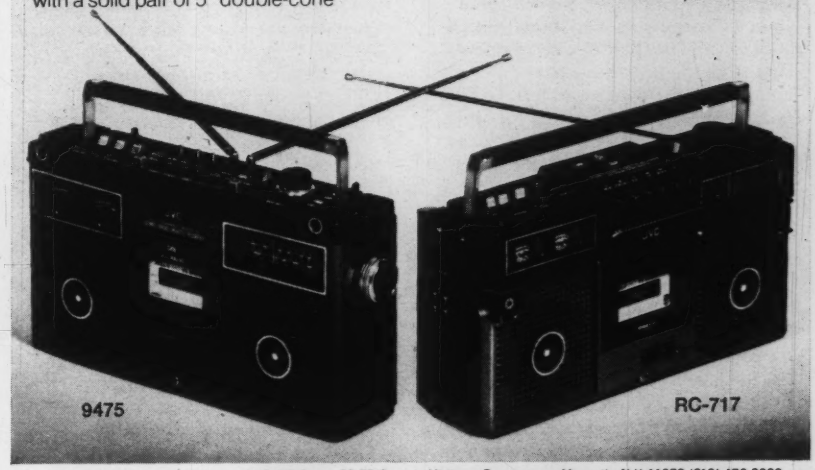

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Death by dyeing

The wheels of government regulation grind exceeding slow. The lubricant of common sense is in short supply. Recognizing that hair dyes might be carcinogenic, the National Cancer Institute funded a few animal studies of some hair dye components. Although the tests have been completed, the data await analysis. NCI hopes to start releasing reports by the end of the year or early next year. But even these reports may be inconclusive, because NCI didn't simulate the normal conditions of use: the addition of hydrogen peroxide, which activates the other chemicals.

"You have to start somewhere," says Elizabeth Weisburger, chief of the carcinogen metabolism and toxicological branch of NCI. "Eventually one has to get down to the individual components. If you add hydrogen peroxide, you are testing something else. There are so many things that could be done, and we have a limited amount of money and a limited number of contracts. And the contracts call for all compounds to be treated alike. We threw some of these hair dye components into the contracts."

Weisburger's phraseology is precise. Because an existing series of contracts called for mice to be fed suspect chemicals through stomach tubes, that is the way the hair dyes were administered. It doesn't take a genius to realize that this is not the normal route of human use. Nobody knows, for instance, what happens to hair dyes in the acidic environment of the stomach. Nobody needs to know, because people don't drink hair dyes. "At NCI, they don't look at proper routes of administration," says William Benedict, director of the chemical carcinogenesis section of the Children's Hospital of Los Angeles. "They just put the chemical in high doses until the mouse pisses blue. And then they say that's positive."

The obvious way to administer hair dyes to rodents is to paint the chemicals on the skin. The government has conducted such a study of one hair dye component, 2–4 TDA. Five years ago, a two-year study was undertaken, painting the skin of mice with 2–4 TDA and adding hydrogen peroxide. The results were negative. As the study neared completion, other research at NCI revealed that the chemical 2–4 TDA was metabolized differently by mice and rats, and that the rat metabolism of this chemical came much closer to the human process. "Two or three years were wasted because we used the wrong animal model," says Heinz Eiermann, director of the division of cosmetics technology at the Food and Drug Administration (FDA). He needn't bother to mention several hundreds of thousands of dollars—and an unquantifiable number of lives.

The Ames test, conducted separately with mouse and rat liver activation systems, quickly verifies that the rat metabolism makes 2–4 TDA mutagenic, and the mouse system does not. That test takes three days and costs about $400. According to Eiermann, preliminary data from the NCI animal studies to be released in a few months reveal that 2–4 TDA, when ingested, causes cancer in rats but not in mice. That test required 3 years and cost about $200,000.

The addition of liver enzymes to the Salmonella system, which Ames accomplished in 1973, was based on a discovery by the Millers at the University of Wisconsin: that metabolized forms of chemicals, rather than the chemicals themselves, are often the active carcinogens. The liver enzyme refinement was a major breakthrough in the development of the Ames test. It allowed the primitive bacteria to simulate more closely the situation in animals.

—A.L.

an activation system, the other two would also have tested positive. Like Eiermann, however, Green urges caution. "It would be awfully bad for an agency of this nature to jump on a bandwagon like this prematurely," he says. "The agency moves slowly in these areas, but for good reasons. After alerting the public, it can't backtrack." Eiermann agrees that the hair dye issue "needs review and assessment by a large number of people, including the participation of the public."

That assessment should come soon. The NCI data are not scheduled for release until early next year, but inside sources state unequivocally that for at least some key hair dye components, the NCI experiments support Ames' conclusions. Whether the 54 million American women who color their hair will then turn away from hair dye products is, however, less certain. Notes Ames, with an unintentional pun: "People aren't giving up cigarette smoking, so maybe they won't give up dyeing." The hair dye industry will fight the Ames test tooth and nail. "But behind the scenes," Ames says, "the companies are testing chemicals on Salmonella to find nonmutagenic dyes. The trouble is, most dyes on the market use chemicals that are likely to turn out to be dangerous, and the companies will have to go back to the drawing board." Eiermann says it is "a very difficult question." He observes: "You're going after 90 percent of the hair dyes. There's no substitute on the horizon. If all these chemicals had to be eliminated, you wouldn't have an oxidant hair dye left. The technology does not move fast enough to allow them to come up with a substitute."

Between the public's addiction to vanity hair products and the strenuous efforts of a powerful industry, the hair dye controversy is likely to be a rerun of this year's saccharin uproar. Which is ironic, because the Ames test, which started the hair dye flap, now brings *good* news for saccharin lovers. Saccharin comes up negative on the Ames test. Other *in vitro* tests—which, like the Salmonella, use microbes or cultured cells rather than money- and time-consuming animals—reveal that it is impurities in saccharin that cause mutagenicity and (most likely) carcinogenicity. Even the relatively pure saccharin used by the Canadian researchers who first implicated saccharin contains small amounts of these still undetermined impurities. That Canadian saccharin tested weakly positive on the highly sensitive sister chromatid exchange test, which uses human cells in culture. More highly purified saccharin tested negative. This study will be published in a few weeks. It may eventually end the saccharin debate, although the FDA will not move quickly. "Saccharin is a dead story," says Richard Ronk, director of the division of food and color additives at FDA. "People are grasping at straws to keep it on the market. If someone can lay facts on the table that make us change the decision, fine. But it's not our responsibility." The new experiments suggest that if saccharin can be purified for commercial use, its health hazards will vanish. The purification process may take time to develop, and new saccharin will probably be more expensive than the old, but the risk of cancer will have been eliminated.

"I'm afraid that in the next five or ten years we will see the effects of the modern chemical world"

One of the happier uses of the Ames test and other *in vitro* assays is the detection of dangerous impurities that can then be removed. When American Cyanamid found that an agricultural chemical tested weakly positive on the

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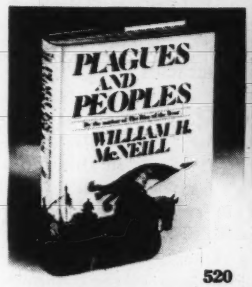

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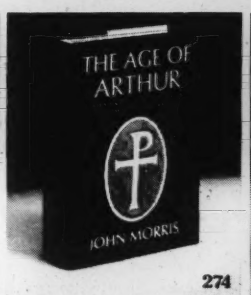

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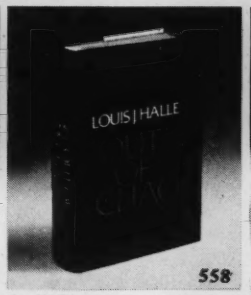

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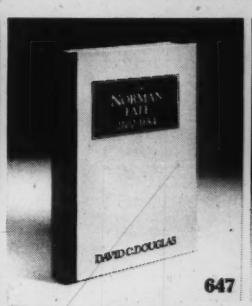

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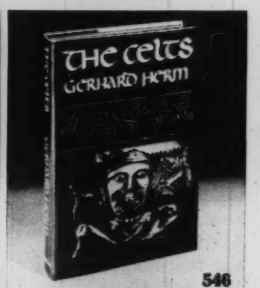

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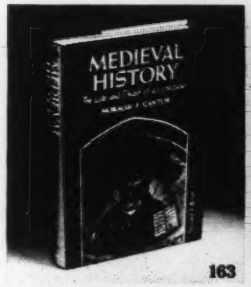

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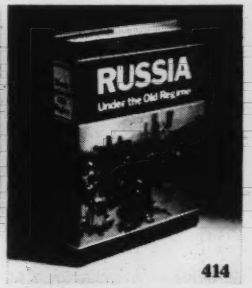

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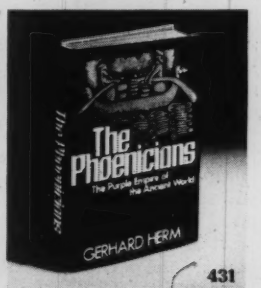

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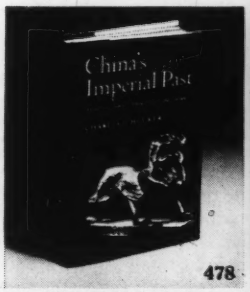

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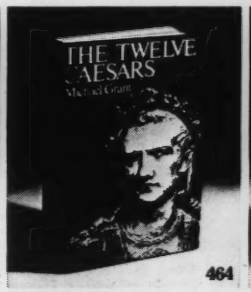

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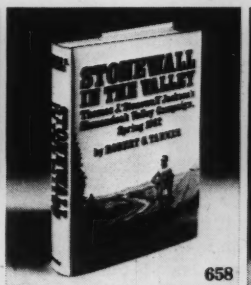

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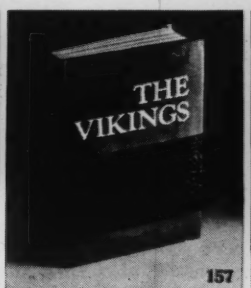

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Ames test, it was able to identify and eliminate the guilty contaminant. Merck Sharpe and Dohme, which has been using an Ames screening test for the last three years, also discovered a slightly mutagenic impurity in one of its drugs. The impurity has been removed, although it has not yet been identified.

Less lucky is the tobacco industry, which has been hoping for years to develop a non-carcinogenic cigarette. Cigarette smoke is so mutagenic that it knocks the Ames test off the scale. "The Ames test can easily detect smoke from one one-hundredth of a cigarette as being mutagenic," says Byron Butterworth, director of genetic toxicology at the recently established Chemical Industry Institute of Toxicology. "We can't allow smoking in the laboratory." The Council for Tobacco Research has been funding a study on biological effects of cigarette smoke at Microbiological Associates in Bethesda for the last seven years. In one study, mice are held by the snout as a rotating cigarette-burning drum pumps a two-second puff of tobacco smoke into their chambers each minute. This lengthy, expensive study is typical of animal bioassays. More interesting are the *in vitro* tests of 12 fractions of cigarette smoke. On the Ames Salmonella test, four of these smoke-condensate fractions are highly mutagenic. Richard Kouri, director of research at Microbiological Associates, says that surprisingly these are not the benzopyrene, or coal tar, fractions, which everyone knows are carcinogenic. The active mutagens on the Ames test are other fractions which Kouri believes contain aromatic amines. Further work is underway. Although the company now refuses to discuss it, independent sources claim that a chemical study at the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, identifying 500 or 600 components of cigarette smoke, should help prove that it's not just a few chemical components that make cigarettes the most potent carcinogens to which a wide public is exposed. Industry almost certainly will be unable to remove the dozens of components that will test positive on the Ames assay and still be left with something that can be called a cigarette.

If a generalization can be drawn from past industrial attitudes, what the tobacco companies may well be tempted to do is find some other weed to substitute for tobacco. Whether or not the new substance was equally carcinogenic wouldn't matter, so long as there were no government regulations covering it. "Progress is the substitution of a new problem for an old problem," notes the FDA's Eiermann drily. Certainly that has been the case for two chemicals that have been banned after animal assays confirmed earlier Ames test results: Tris and trichloroethylene.

Bruce Ames stumbled on Tris while buying pajamas for his two small children. He noticed that the pajamas were flame-resistant, and wondered what chemicals had been added to the cloth. Calling his friend Mike Prival, who was then at the Environmental Protection Agency in Washington, Ames learned that the chemical was named Tris. Tris was already on the EPA list of suspect carcinogens, and Prival had added it to a list of compounds being run through an Ames test as part of a general validation study of bacterial assays. "I was surprised when Bruce called, because I didn't know that anybody outside our small group was concerned about Tris," Prival recalls. "Although, from its structure, you would think it would be pretty bad, certainly if you had a background like Bruce's."

On the EPA Salmonella test that had been underway before Ames called, Tris tested positive as a mutagen. The chief of Prival's section wrote a letter to the Consumer Products Safety Commission in October 1975. The commission required the use of Tris to flame-proof children's sleeping garments. "We informed them that we had found Tris was mutagenic in the bacterial test," Prival says. The commission began investigating absorption of Tris through the skin. At the same time, the NCI was conducting animal assays of Tris. The NCI report implicating Tris as a carcinogen was announced early this year, after Bob Harris of the Environmental Defense Fund pressured NCI into releasing it. A few weeks later, the Consumer Products Safety Commission announced its in-house study showing Tris absorption through the skin. The chemical was banned as a flame retardant in children's clothing—about a year and a half after it had been identified as a probable carcinogen by the Salmonella test.

If we wait 30 years to observe the human reaction to new industrial chemicals, we may be inviting an unimaginable catastrophe

For that year and a half, millions of children slept in Tris-coated pajamas, soaking up the chemical when they sweated, when they chewed on the cloth, when they did nothing but lie still. Because the scrotum is particularly absorbent, it sponged up more than its fair share of Tris. Ames fears that the Tris generation of boys may suffer an unusually high rate of sperm cell genetic damage, and possibly testicular atrophy and sterility. "The more we looked at Tris, the more dangerous it seemed," he says. "In hindsight, it was a crazy idea in the first place. Related compounds were known to be carcinogenic, and the structure of these compounds suggested they could be." For a year Ames, Prival and Harris tried without success to get the commission to do something. "These government bureaucracies are very slow to react," he says. He is today fighting the almost incredible plan to substitute inadequately studied Tris-related substances as flame retardants in children's clothing now that Tris is banned. "The replacements they're using look bad," Ames says. "I don't like the whole idea of add-on flame retardants of this type. I've been on the phone to all the commissioners and I think they're coming around, but I think they're hemmed in by what their powers are."

If a new carcinogen is substituted for an old one, it won't be the first time. One of the saddest ironies in the annals of cancer prevention is the case of decaffeinated coffee. In February 1976 the NCI found that trichloroethylene, a solvent used to decaffeinate coffee, was weakly carcinogenic in mice. "Trichloroethylene is about the weakest carcinogen, with the possible exception of saccharin, that has ever been found in animals," say Ames' colleague Joyce McCann. Because trichloroethylene is so non-toxic, enormous doses of it could be fed to laboratory animals. When megadoses were pumped into mice through a stomach tube three times a week, tumors appeared in a significant number of animals. "When we started this test, we didn't know that trichloroethylene was used as a solvent for decaffeinating coffee," says NCI's Elizabeth Weisburger. "After we published a technical report, General Foods contacted us."

Under the recently celebrated Delaney clause, which required the banning of saccharin, any trace element of a carcinogen like trichloroethylene in Sanka, however weak, would be forbidden. General Foods didn't wait for the FDA to issue a regulation. It quickly switched from trichloroethylene to another industrial solvent, methylene chloride. It was going from bad to worse.

"One needs only to look at the structure of these chemicals," Joyce McCann says in exasperation. "There are plenty of chemists at General Foods, and they can look at these chemicals and draw the same conclusions we do. Yet there is this attitude that seems to throw all caution to the winds, and to use this chemical until it is proved to be a carcinogen. It seems so irresponsible." As Ames observes: "Trichloroethylene has been replaced by methylene chloride, which is more mutagenic than trichloroethylene on the Salmonella test, but which hadn't had a cancer test done on it." A paper soon to be published by Paul Price of Microbiological Associates in La Jolla reveals that methylene chloride is two to three times as potent in malignantly transforming rat cells as the

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Common carcinogens: Ames suspects that chemicals used in decaffeinated coffee (top), pajama manufacturing (middle) and some hair dyes cause cancer

discontinued trichloroethylene.

General Foods regulatory sciences manager John Kirschman defends his company. "Let me disabuse you of any notion that we are taking these things lightly," he says. "We are very much involved. We are very concerned to give the consumer the safest product that can reasonably be supplied in the context of what's available in the total industry." Kirschman tries to be reassuring. "Methylene chloride in decaffeinated coffee does not hold an undue risk to the consumer even if it does prove to be carcinogenic, because it is present in such small amounts, in products that have been tested in whole animal systems at high levels with no problem found," he says. "When the research results that are presently underway are in, the future use of the compound by all of us will be made at that time. If it is found to be carcinogenic, we will be making judgments at that time, depending on what the findings and the state of the art are."

At Dow Chemical, a major manufacturer of methylene chloride, toxicologist Jessie Norris also defends the chemical, which is used as an aerosol ingredient and industrial solvent, in addition to its decaffeinating function. (Indeed, the major consumer exposure to methylene chloride probably comes from aerosols such as hairsprays.) "There has been no material as thoroughly researched as methylene chloride, starting in 1944," she says. "Under the conditions in which it is handled in industry, there has been no problem with methylene chloride. Of course, it must be handled properly. A woman died in Florida recently from drinking too much water."

Primarily concerned with aerosol uses, Dow is now in the fifteenth month of a rat inhalation study. So far the researchers have detected no significant tumors, but the next nine months will be the important period to watch. The NCI has just begun a chronic study in animals of methylene chloride dissolved in corn oil and fed through a stomach tube. A short-term study in mice that produced equivocal results was published in *Cancer Research* this month. Another inhalation study will begin soon. This work will take months or years to complete. In the meantime, millions of people will be exposed to methylene chloride in decaffeinated coffee and aerosol sprays. Hundreds of thousands of workers are inhaling huge amounts on the job. Dow will go on producing it by the ton. All of this is happening at a time when no disinterested, informed person can doubt that methylene chloride is carcinogenic—estimated by one expert to be as potent as vinyl chloride.

"General Foods is moving to water-soluble extraction of caffeine," says the FDA's Richard Ronk. "They realize that anything that's chlorinated is not likely to be a good investment." For

General Foods, it is a race against time. Can the company perfect an acceptable substitute before the inevitable banning of methylene chloride? Can production continuity be preserved? The executives at General Foods know that the odds are very low that cancer caused by methylene chloride will strike them or their families. The odds are expressed as a very small fraction. But, as the FDA's Heinz Eiermann says: "If it hits you as an individual, you don't care about the denominator. You're part of the numerator."

The fight against environmental cancer is an endless, Sisyphean struggle against venality and stupidity. In his cubicle office, Ames has mounted industrial posters that comment drily on the surrounding scene. Boasts one, "If you want Bromine delivered at unreasonable times in unreasonable places . . . Remember one name: Michigan, the masters of Bromine Chemistry." "When GAF develops a new hairspray formulation," another says proudly, "our labs test it . . . and test it . . . and test it . . . and test it." Behind Ames' desk sit three packages of yet another hair dye he plans to test. Its name: Innocent Color.

"More and more of my time is being spent on environmental carcinogens," Ames says. "Until the validation tests in 1975, three-quarters of my time was devoted to other projects. Now, although I'm still interested in the basic genetics of DNA, the papers I read in the literature are on levels of chlorinated pesticides in mother's milk and carcinogenicity of flame retardants." Ames is now directing a massive study to correlate Salmonella test data with results of animal bioassays performed on the same compounds. He is hoping, for example, to show that rat and mouse liver disparities account for the differences in rat and mouse experiments. He is also hoping to improve his test and to define its limitations. If refined, the test can achieve 95 percent accuracy, he thinks, but there will always be some carcinogens with mechanisms of action that slip by the Salmonella. For that reason, he thinks his procedure should be used as part of a battery of assays.

Surprisingly, Ames has made no attempt to profit from this breakthrough. He has not even patented the Ames assay, which is being used by hundreds of companies. "I didn't want to make any money out of it," he says. "I don't consult for industry, either. I thought it was incompatible to make money out of the test and try to push its use. I didn't want to have a vested interest in it."

Of course, he does have a vested interest in the test that bears his name. It provides him with a psychic if not a material income. And in fact, that psychic income can be measured in dollars—dollars of grant money. "It used to be the viral theory of cancer, and if you

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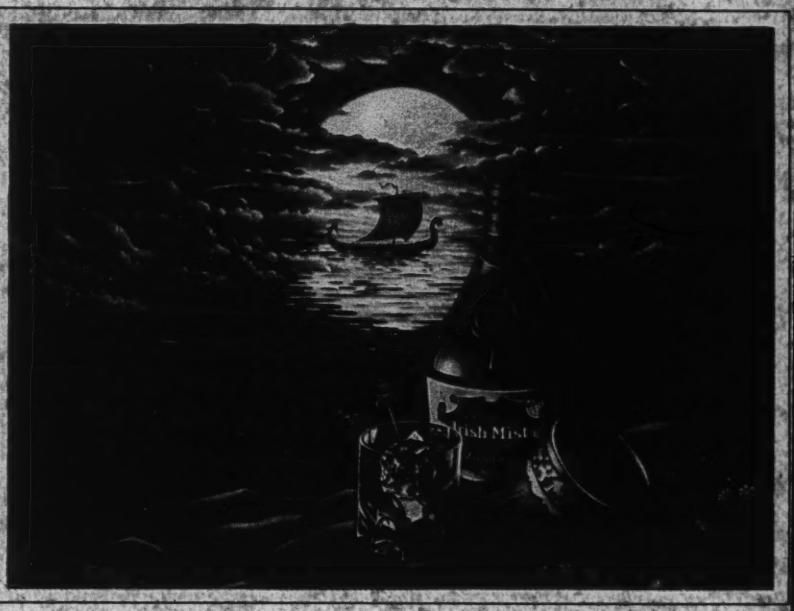

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"The key to everything"

There is no concept in the field of cancer research more controversial than that of "dose response." The question is simply this: are there very low levels at which carcinogens do not induce cancer in human beings; or will carcinogens produce cancer at any level? As Bruce Ames' colleague, Joyce McCann, puts it, "Dose response is the key to everything."

The controversy over dosage, long simmering behind the scenes in scientific circles, finally boiled over into the public arena with the banning of saccharin. Proponents of saccharin were quick to point out that the Canadian study that found saccharin carcinogenic did so by feeding rats an enormous dosage: about the human equivalent of 800 cans of diet soda a day.

Lost in the rhetoric of the saccharin defenders was the fact that virtually all cancer tests are conducted much the same way, and for good reasons. The cancer researcher is worried about chemicals that might cause 1,000 additional cases of cancer a year in a human population of 200 million. In other words, the researcher is looking for *one* case of cancer out of 200,000. Most animal studies, because of costs and the availability of the animals, are conducted with samples of 500. In such a small sample, a carcinogen that would produce only one cancer in a population of 200,000 would not even show up. Thus the researcher increases the dosage until the results can appear in his field of vision. Once animals in the sample develop tumors, a statistician will calculate what percentage would contract cancer from a small dosage.

Such mathematical formulas, of course, still seem to defy good common sense. If a hundred men each drink half a gallon of whiskey in the course of an hour and fifty of them die, no one would conclude that an ounce of whiskey would kill one man in a hundred. Toxicologists have long known that the human body is able to cope with small amounts of poison. They try to find that level at which the defense mechanisms are swamped, leaving the body unprotected. Such a level is called a threshold. Although individuals vary, a general threshold level can be set for most toxic chemicals.

The problem is that cancer is not thought to behave like toxins. It is not true, for instance, as some suppose, that in large enough doses most chemicals will cause cancer. Grande bouffes of most organic compounds will not create malignant growths in animals. At the other end of the scale, it is also untrue that if the dose is small enough, what is carcinogenic at a larger dose will necessarily become benign. In theory, at least, one of the signatures of cancer is the fact that a carcinogen can be fatal in one tiny dose. Once a cell is altered, it may take 30 years before it develops into a tumor, but the point is that a single altered cell *can* multiply into a malignant tumor. Cancer is a disease of uncontrolled cell growth. It is easy to imagine, although difficult to prove, that by altering the genetic material of one cell, a single molecule of a carcinogen could cause cancer. That being true, the argument goes, there is no safe level of exposure to a carcinogen.

That line of argument led directly to the Delaney clause, the 1958 legislation that requires the Food and Drug Administration to ban all food additives that cause cancer at any dose-level in people or animals. When saccharin-fed rats in the Canadian study developed tumors, the Delaney clause obligated the FDA to ban saccharin's use as a food additive.

Even environmentalists concede that the Delaney clause owes its rigidity to the pressures of politics, not the rigors of science. "Scientifically, you can't support the Delaney clause," says Ian Nisbet, director of scientific staff of the Massachusetts Audubon Society. "If you had a reasonable world, you would do a cost/benefit analysis on all carcinogenic exposure. The Delaney clause does distort priorities." Still, Nisbet supports the Delaney clause. "No one trusts the FDA to use discretion with cost/benefit analysis, because the FDA has done its job so poorly," he says.

Not surprisingly, the major scientific effort to knock out the Delaney clause and prove the existence of a threshold for cancer is being sponsored by industry. The idea of a threshold "has always been very popular with people who sell drugs and chemicals, and not among people who do cancer research," says Marvin Schneiderman, NCI associate director for field studies and statistics. Perry Gehring, director of toxicology research at Dow Chemical, has been working for years to win over the opposition. He is convinced that safety thresholds can be established for most carcinogens, and he thinks he has a

way to prove it. If you knew exactly what happened to a chemical carcinogen from the time it entered the body until the moment it was eliminated, you could investigate whether the size of the dose affects the chemical's metabolic transformation. Gehring believes he has shown that, for some chemicals, including vinyl chloride, a large dose overloads the body and saturates the chemical's normal metabolic pathway. He believes that the active carcinogen is produced only in cases of overload, along a secondary pathway. "This work has pointed out the inappropriateness of extrapolating from high doses for many carcinogens," Gehring says. "For some of the materials which are administered in ludicrous doses, we are finding on a statistical basis it isn't scientific, it isn't even rational." He thinks the cancer establishment has a "vested interest" in assailing his conclusions. "You have to keep a public emotionally responsive," he says. "At NCI, the whole funding system depends on raising the level of public alarm."

There's some truth to Gehring's remark. Each government bureaucracy has its own constituency. Often, two agencies will find that their interests conflict. If it helps the National Cancer Institute to fan the public's fear of cancer, it behooves the Food and Drug Administration to extinguish the flames. Burdened by Congress with the thankless task of enforcing the Delaney clause, the FDA would like nothing better than to demonstrate that small amounts of carcinogens make perfectly find food additives. In other words, the FDA would be delighted to prove that threshold values exist for carcinogens.

Indeed, the FDA has already gone to extravagant lengths to do just that. Figuring that the problem lay in the size of the animal experiments, the FDA upped the number of research animals from the usual 600 mice to a whopping 25,000 in a test now being conducted by the National Center for Toxicological Research. Unfortunately, even with that many mice, the dosage necessary to produce a cancer rate of 1 percent is still above normal human dosages. To produce significant numbers of cancers at normal human dosages would require an incredible 1 *million* mice—clearly more than can be kept under regulated, identical conditions, even if the FDA could meet the price tag.

For these reasons, the FDA study is being attacked by both sides of the threshold controversy, even before the results are released. Marvin Schneiderman, who does not believe in thresholds, says, "The nature of what they're doing led me to be quite concerned that they may not have any publishable data." Hans Falk, associate director of health hazard assessment at the National Institute for Environmental Health Sciences, and an avid threshold proponent ("there are thresholds and everyone knows it"), is equally skeptical. "It cannot produce any real results," he declares.

Because the evidence itself is so turbid, scientists who look into the threshold controversy tend to see their own preconceptions reflected back at them. The sad fact is, no one yet knows what happens to carcinogens at low-dose levels. In making regulatory decisions, scientists must decide how to extrapolate to these gray areas. The popular Mantel/Bryan procedure, which does not assume a threshold, requires the scientist to estimate how quickly the cancer risk subsides to an "acceptable" level as the dosage is reduced. "It's an arbitrary decision, based on scientific knowledge modified by political concerns," says Schneiderman, a leading proponent of the Mantel/Bryan method. In other words, it's an educated guess, a guess that is politically as well as scientifically informed.

Science may yet prove that there are threshold levels for carcinogens: that small doses of cancer agents can be metabolized harmlessly or that the cell's genetic material can repair moderate damage. The day that this principle is established, though, is still far off. And the day that a government regulator can confidently declare a safe exposure level to a known carcinogen is even more distant. Until science advances, the determination of an "acceptable" risk level is a strictly political choice. "Scientists can say what their views are about how many people should be killed with exposure, but everyone is equal in making these decisions," says William Nicholson of the Mount Sinai School of Medicine.

The threshold controversy becomes less mystifying once it's recognized as a political debate. The old-school liberal believes the world is perfectible. Since thresholds for carcinogens can't be proven, he wants exposures to be minimized or eliminated. The typical conservative thinks the sooner you realize the world is flawed, the better off you'll be. "I suspect what will resolve the debate is a human catastrophe," says Joyce McCann. "At some point in the next 10 or 15 or 20 years, there is going to be a disaster caused by a chemical that is present at very low levels." That, for sure, would end the great threshold debate.

—A.L.

wanted funding, you had to be in that field," says industry scientist Byron Butterworth. "Now it's chemical carcinogenesis, and if you're not in that area, you don't get funded." There are now a dozen or more Ames-like *in vitro* tests looming on the horizon. Because Ames took the trouble to validate his test, and because he has refined his Salmonella strain so cleverly, his method is still the most reliable and most widely used.

"Scientifically, it's a very important contribution," says Fred de Serres, associate director of genetics at the National Institute of Environmental Health Science, who has developed a test of his own. "The outcome of Bruce's work says that when we detect the mutagenicity of many of these chemicals, we can also be warned of their carcinogenicity. That's new, and that's very exciting." De Serres notes that scientific creativity is not Ames' only talent. "Bruce is a better salesman," he says. "He's got charisma, and the others haven't. The thing Bruce did was pass his test around—and raise hell about it."

One of the morals to be drawn from Ames' success is the importance of pure research. Ames began as a geneticist studying how genes are turned on and off in Salmonella. He worked on that problem for over a decade. He began looking at carcinogens rather than mutagens in the early seventies because more was known about carcinogens, and he was convinced that carcinogens were acting as mutagens, anyway. "Who would have predicted that bacterial genetics would help with cancer?" Ames asks. "You never know where the advances will come from." Only recently have scientists come to believe that carcinogens alter a cell's DNA and in that way upset the normal reproductive pattern of the cell. Essentially, cancer is uncontrolled cell growth. That knowledge has come in part from Ames' work.

Ames would prefer to stay in the laboratory. He does not want to become the Ralph Nader of environmental cancer. "I think my talents are more in the science part of it," he says. "I'm not sure that being on committees is my strong point. There seem to be good people who can do the interaction with government and industry. If your work takes you into society, you might as well do that. But if you get completely out of the lab, you lose touch with the science.

"I don't think it's useful for me to get involved in many controversies," Ames continues. He is an ambivalent hero. "I don't know that much about a particular company and how responsible it has been. I'm willing to get involved in specific fights, as with Tris and hair dyes. But the main thing I can do is try to make my test as good as possible and get the companies to use it. That will help reduce environmental cancer for the next generation."●

WHO SAYS A GOOD POLITICIAN SHOULDN'T BE A GREAT ENTERTAINER?

The Bella Abzug show

BY TOM BURKE

Of course *Bella*'s six-year out-of-town tryout (even longer than *Golden Rainbow*'s) opened with a strong book. In Act I sketches, the star portrayed a feisty freshman congressperson, goad of the House Public Works Committee, battling for $6 billion in federal funds to aid New York's subways, housing, schools and police. In stunning production numbers, she sang of Vietnam and impeachment, the CIA, the FBI, the IRS. Show-stoppers saluted the ERA and oppressed gays. A memorable scene depicted her unearthing an old parliamentary point with which she forced the protagonist to hand over the Pentagon papers. Nightly, there were standing ovations, for the leading actress and for the character she played, a humanitarian beholden to no one, except herself.

But even amid applause, *Bella* continued to evolve. Though its original costumes were retained, the librettist came to believe that the key role, as written, was top-heavy, too involved with ideology; that in political plays, audiences had always preferred razzle-dazzle personal pyrotechnics. And *Bella*'s main attraction had never lacked those, especially offstage. In fact, her artistic differences with her colleagues, and finally, with her director—in her case, her audience—were widely chronicled. She was thought, by critics, so mannered, so strident, that last season, when she announced that the show's central figure would be changed to a U.S. senator, no one was available for dancing in the streets.

Undaunted (even by the pending *Golda*), *Bella* was rewritten one more time, and now, in a daring strategy, it has eschewed the provinces to open on Broadway. After intensive private study with Lee Strasberg, the star has emerged, during previews, as a gifted improviser, more skillful, under the klieigs, than John Lindsay or the Kennedy brothers in assaying what spectators require of her: her Barbra Streisand of *The Way We Were*, her Streisand's mother of *Funny Girl*, are but two of the myriad delineations she has contrived.

Obviously, her exhaustive rewrite, rehearsal and performance schedule leave her little time for the press. Wary of critics, convinced that her box-office lines form through word-of-mouth, not reviews, her attitude toward reporters is now, at best, cavalier. Outside her headquarters, she folds herself tacitly onto the front seat of a rented Ford, unembellished save for the BELLA ABZUG FOR MAYOR! painted on its sides, and bluntly surveys those who will play her fellow passengers: Twilla, a woman staffer who serves as driver; Harold, the apprehensive young press aide; Sue, a pleasant campaign volunteer who carries a hamper of food; and he who would examine her. As she attempts to perceive which of her personalities will best serve this situation, Sue produces a plastic bowl and serves salad to the prospective mayor.

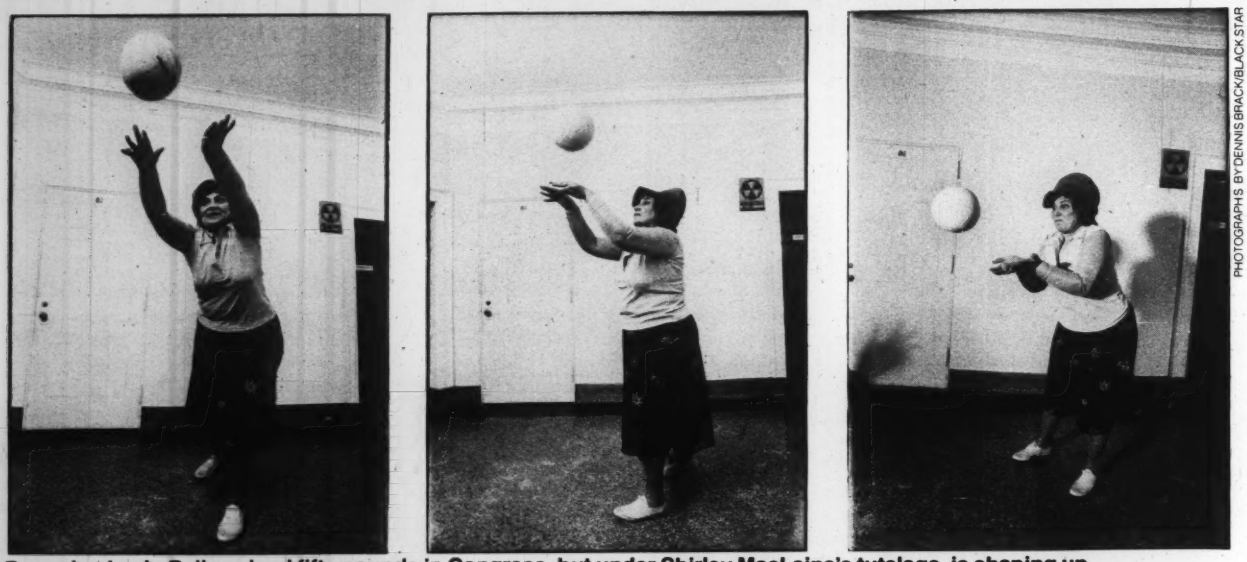
"So Shirley MacLaine put me on this diet," Bella offers to the backseat, chewing lettuce. "Listen, I love food. Gained 50 pounds in the Congress of the United States. I'd get frustrated, when my legislation was defeated, so I'd munch on junk. So now Shirley has me on these six little meals a day . . ."

Clearly the candidate has not yet chosen her characters. She is too determinedly herself to assume unsuitable roles, such as big earth mother, or lost-little-girl-from-Grand-Concourse. But she's unsure of who to be, and until she knows, diets, about which she couldn't care less, make safe, homey copy.

". . . In the morning," she's reciting, "an egg, I don't get time for grapefruit. Later, some yogurt, a lotta protein. But I was out in Westchester, they had this gorgeous fresh corn, Unhnh!" She does not throw up her hands, though the sound needs the gesture. "I hadda have some! Huh? A vitamin-B craving? Whadaya mean, I wanted some *corn*!" In this reading, she satirizes a Hadassah officer, and the notion of herself as one, simultaneously *playing* one, though the histrionic levels here are too complex for her workers, earnest persons from Queens who majored in community planning. "Just wanted corn, knowhatImean? Don't bother telling on me to Shirley, I already did. Who could resist such corn?"

Hey, Bella, Right On, Bella. In traffic, her car is perpetually bombarded with the shouts of fans. "Hey, thanks a lot, same t'you, how are ya?" Now blessing the back with her odd, slant-eyed grin, she deals questions like fresh Tarot cards. ". . . You see the TV

SCULPTURE BY JUDITH JAMPEL



PHOTOGRAPHS BY DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

Bouncing back: Bella gained fifty pounds in Congress, but under Shirley MacLaine's tutelage, is shaping up

commercial in which I say, 'If you hadda be mayor to be a mayor, you'd be in some shape!' Pretty funny." She's being Bella as herself, unembellished as her automobile; in the undercutting laugh, her sly-fox humor is pervasive. This is the Abzug almost never reported: she chooses now to see herself, and all of us, as ludicrous. "Aw, look, you gotta have a little fun, right? Politicians' commercials, they're all so somber. You gotta touch on issues, but do it with laughs." To Twilla, she adds, "You know where we're going? Some subway? Brooklyn? You're kidding me! Lemme tell you about Flatbush Avenue, there's a light every block."

And she's ready to be questioned. Nothing in her demeanor signals that. One of her most significant gifts is her uncanny ability to cue others psychically. "Huh? Where it all began?" The smile's devilish, the credibility overwhelming; she leaves no space in which to be doubted. "Listen, from age eleven I wanted to be a lawyer! I was *born* with this strong sense of social justice: everybody's got a right to play immies in the streets, y'know? In my day, that was a big issue. What, you don't know *immies*?" The laugh's ecstatic. "You're KIDDING me! You play it with marbles, you know what a *marble* is? Well, this *Times* guy wrote a whole book on immie players. You played in the gutter, shot a marble with your little thumb, that's an immie! Who didn't want me to play? The *boys* didn't! Obviously. Listen, it's not funny: from the start, I had this built-in conviction that everybody should have the same rights!"

That girls should go to Hebrew school, for example. As an adolescent, Bella Savitzky, already a radical, forced herself into the male-dominated Florence Marshall Hebrew High School, the Bronx, and, later, into the Jewish Theological Seminary. "Dominated? There *weren't* any girls in there! I lived in a tough neighborhood, kids got beat up." And little Bella shrieked into the precinct houses, to protest. "Nobody told me to, but in Jewish families, there's this strong sense of social justice. So I got the idea, still basic to what I stand for, that there should be freedom for all religious, races, sexes, uh, sexual orientations." Swerving toward one of her speeches, she checks herself, returns to character. "In high school, though, I had a lotta different interests: studied Hebrew, *and* I played basketball, practiced my violin, and I was a *very* active Zionist!" It's been printed that Bella always orates, but that's wrong; she's just by nature noisy.

Even amid applause, *Bella* continued to evolve . . .the librettist came to believe the key role, as written, was top-heavy, too involved with ideology, that in political plays audiences prefer pyrotechnics

Though she claims to have been an apolitical teenager, her peers did happen to elect her president of her high school class. When she entered Hunter College, her eye was on law school, but again she was voted president of classes, of the student council, of the whole student body. "I fought hard for student aid, for bringing Hebrew into the schools. Uh, for academic freedom—the usual. It wasn't politics, I was just very independent-minded . . ."

Ohmygod, it's really Bella Abzug. On the Williamsburg Bridge, a carful of young toughs in undershirts salute her, then frown, puzzled that the Ford does not contain Mom. Bella acknowledges them with wierd elegance, a royal personage en route to visit the poor. Her pause has hardly been that her words "independent-minded" be examined, though that's irresistible, since independence is her principal grace, and flaw. It's made her one of the most effective leaders of our time. It's also established her as a dissenting loud mouth; caused media to point out that New York's mayor needs finesse, not volume; and probably lost her their Senate seat. She deplores capital punishment, and remains independent enough of voter-toadying to march through town declaiming that, when all the able-bodied still wish for the stench of the frying flesh of the Son of Sam. The Taylor law, which prevents police and firemen strikes, she also objects to, when we're thought to need nonstriking police to prevent the *return* of the Son of Sam.

Availed of brilliant management—researcher Paul DeBrul, ad wiz Frank Case—it's Bella who manages *Bella*, listening, nodding, then doing exactly what she'd have done anyway. Ask the man in the street—she does, but he's too dazzled by her charisma to answer. What's on his mind is crime and rent control. Bella's solutions for those and the other urban dilemmas are much the same as her opponents', though hers are more innovative: she knows workable ways to close rent-law loopholes, avoid police strikes, cut welfare, and in reams of position papers she proposes exactly how to rechannel city and federal funds to accomplish her goals. But the man in the street doesn't know she knows, and

Tom Burke likes to write about the effects of fame and celebrity. He thinks Bella Abzug is just swell.

whose fault is that? "What's Bella know from rents? She'll let the cops strike! What does she know from getting money? All she knows is to tell jokes and yell at Beame. 'More to Bella than meets the ear.' *Is* there? *I* don't hear it. Who picks those jazzy TV commercials for her?"

Bella is who—Bella, the independent-minded.

"What? Did I think I'd be what?" Brooklyn traffic is also noisy, and she shouts over her seat. "*Special*? Never! Honestly. People always wrote in my yearbooks that I'd be very successful, but that never impressed me. Obviously, I was attracted by responsibility—some people'd call it leadership, but I never gave political office a thought. I never planned anything, except becoming a lawyer. It's all been a big surprise to me." She's not grinning now, and a small furrow has appeared in her creamy brow, as if it were touched vertically with a dull knife blade. Partly, this is fatigue; she's 57, and during the campaign she has averaged three hours sleep a night. Partly, she's become annoyed, as she will, for no apparent reason. Again, she recites, her mind elsewhere: Harvard Law School rejected her because she was a woman, "big deal, Columbia was a five-cent subway ride. *That*'s when I became an advocate of low-cost public transit." This laugh's hard-edged, about gullibility, and the ease with which public figures can convince and amuse the naive.

A condition she illustrates at the Flatbush Avenue subway stop. Emerging commuters are amazed and pleased to see Bella, who grins, shouts and grabs all available hands. Her workers hand out Bella buttons; one shouts, "Bella will air-condition the subways!"

"You're kidding, air?" A woman with an artichoke cut scoffs. "Could she just restore subways like they *were*?"

"Bella Abzug will restore the subways!" It's clear, though not to the mob, that the candidate wants to get this over with; that subway hand-shaking is too venal for a legendary altruist. But it is what mayoral aspirants do, this taking of moist palms, this being clawed at by acned youth and whining elderly. When asked a well-put question, Bella answers expertly, concisely, but with impatience, knowing that she won't be heard; that what they will remember is her incomparable eyes, and hat.

"Let's move it." Back in the car, she mutters that to Twila through her public smile. Bella's raised her window; to fans outside, she appears like a saint under glass. "Where to next?" A Queens tenants' meeting. "You're kidding me." As Sue peels her an apple, she remembers the scene she was building to before the subway stop. Softly, whimsically, "It used to be nice, y'know? The Bronx. Of an evening, you took long walks by the reservoir. We did everything that was free—concerts, museums, the Davenport Theater in downtown Manhattan. We were very intellectually oriented. A lot of those kids went to Israel, then called Palestine, to be pioneers. It was also tough, then—the Depression. Great turbulence!" Various characters have passed through her speech and manner, like hurried guests, a phenomenon often observed in great actors; currently she's the fiery girl in *The Way We Were*. "Passionate protest, everyone took sides! That's what we need now, to get New York moving: government by the *people*!" In mid-sentence, she has become inexplicably testy; in back, her disciples sit erect, watchful.

"So-o," she continues, gently placating, "I thought, as a lawyer, I'd change the world fast. No way—rough business, okay?" Her staff punctuates every sentence with "Okay?", a verbal tic. "Huh? Aw who remembers, what I learned in law school? It was zero, a blur: I'd already studied Constitutional law, political science. My core was already formed when I got there. Besides, it was wartime, and I took an accelerated course, two-and-a-half years, most of which time I was busy ironing out my differences with my husband-to-be, Martin. A *very* heavy two years!"

The following, she asserts, she's never before discussed publicly. "See, I had to get it straight, with Martin, our *roles*. In the marriage. *Before* the wedding." Again, Sue feeds her, something vegetable. Though never coy, Bella's air, here, is too purposefully intimate, smacking, somehow, of midwifery, feminine manipulation. "See, I had gone out with a *lotta* fantastically nice guys who were so-o uptight, about my being an attorney, forget it! I'd have a date, send a guy a telegram saying I had to go to a class or meeting, he was *outraged*. Right? Well, Martin also wanted a home, a traditional wife, he'd ask me, 'Can you be a woman, a mother, and *work*?' He'd say, 'Who's gonna mind the family, with you a labor lawyer?' He was always going on vacations, Martin—skiing. Not me, why would I wanna go *skiing*? I was busy, fighting for each individual having their own career-orientation! Argue with him? We *battled*! Loud fights! We'd split up!"

She studies traffic; clearly, her story's ended. Clearly, the denouncement speaks for itself. She's been married to Martin Abzug, a stockbroker, for 33 years. "You had two kinds of girls then, those who went to school, married, had kids and worked, and those who went to school, married, had kids and did *zero* with themselves! I'd get women together for philosophical discussions—what's the correct way?" Ms. Stavitzky, of course, knew the answer, though, sometimes, she'd play married lady, for

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the hell of it. "A girl'd say she was going into a profession, I'd say, 'Big deal, open a hot dog stand instead!' I mean, I knew I was gonna have kids, and I did have some doubts about how they'd be raised, with me working. Well, it worked out fine. My two daughters, one's a sculptor, one's a law student, both are political, they're helping my campaign, and when they were young, they got to school and to their activities *by themselves*. So what? It was *good* for 'em . . ."

Bella cannot resist, here, reprising *Bella*'s big equality-for-women soliloquy, though in its midst, she does what she often does onstage: one eye all but winks; her smirk, behind the weighty lyrics, says, "You know I know this is bullshit rhetoric, but kindly stay tuned, it's expected of me." Little demonstrations of candor like these, to a large extent, are what has endeared her to her supporters, of whom Louise Lasser, a new recruit, may be the most touchingly eloquent, partly because she's the only Bellaphile who ever suggests that *Bella* could possibly close.

"The best thing about her, besides her honesty, is her *life*," Louise will assert quietly. "I mean, she walks into a room, and her life *resounds*. Sure the city is dying, and who can breathe the life into it that Bella can? Yes, she is partly image, and charisma, but that's what's listened to. In this country, that's what we vote for! And behind the image, who else *cares* the way she does? Hers is a meat-and-potatoes approach: Other candidates yell, 'Cut taxes!' Bella says, 'No, it's not just cut taxes, that could endanger our economy, it's the *right* tax cuts!' She's not trying to be popular, there, she's being practical. Show business? Well, New York itself is exactly like a show on the road, about to open. Bella won't go to Washington with her hand out, she'll camp on Carter's doorstep till we get what's owed us! Bella wants to prevent strikes, and charisma is one tool for negotiating. She's not of the system. The others are trying to play within the system, which no longer works. And the kind of woman she is transcends gender. Look, if she fails . . . well, with her, more than any of the others, you'll at least know a fight was fought."

Even Abzug-for-Mayor's young campaign co-manager, Terry O'Connell, isn't that enthusiastic. After losing an eye and an arm in Vietnam, he worked for McGovern, the Democratic National Committee and Carter, before he got cynical and left politics. Bella's charisma did not seduce him. "Hell, I always thought she was just another gal who made a lot of noise and got nothing done. Then I saw that she was one of the fiercest, most knowledgeable in-fighters in Congress, and when she got everything she went after passed, in some shape or form, and even got that asshole Nixon to sign, I was flabbergasted. So many idealists are so goddam goal-oriented, they never get anywhere. Bella says, 'I take what I can get, I don't quit 'cause I can't get it all, if not today, I'll get it next year.' That's invaluable. She knows where and how to get money, within *existing* budgets, better than anyone. The only real difference in all the candidates is her ability to galvanize a response. Guys who hate her concede that she's the only man in the race. Koch is a nice guy, who needs that? So Bella's loud: she'll still negotiate. Her approach is, '*Whatever's* gonna work . . ."

Which is precisely what her more astute opponents fear. Most of Bella's detractors—they range over all the sexes—criticize her predictably. In the Lion's Head, Pete's Tavern, and even at Elaine's, they decry her coarseness, her vacillation; her famous temper, it's said, born of conviction, nurtured on superstardom, will never let her mediate properly. Wrong, offers Michael Goldstein, publisher of the *Soho Weekly News*, a biweekly local paper. "What made her a great legislator was, she knew how to make deals. We've had enough deals. Koch, for instance, he's got no 'image,' but you can *feel* his honesty, and I want some sincerity in government. I agree with Bella's rhetoric—I just don't believe *her*. She lays a speech on you, and you can *see* her saying, 'Don't believe a

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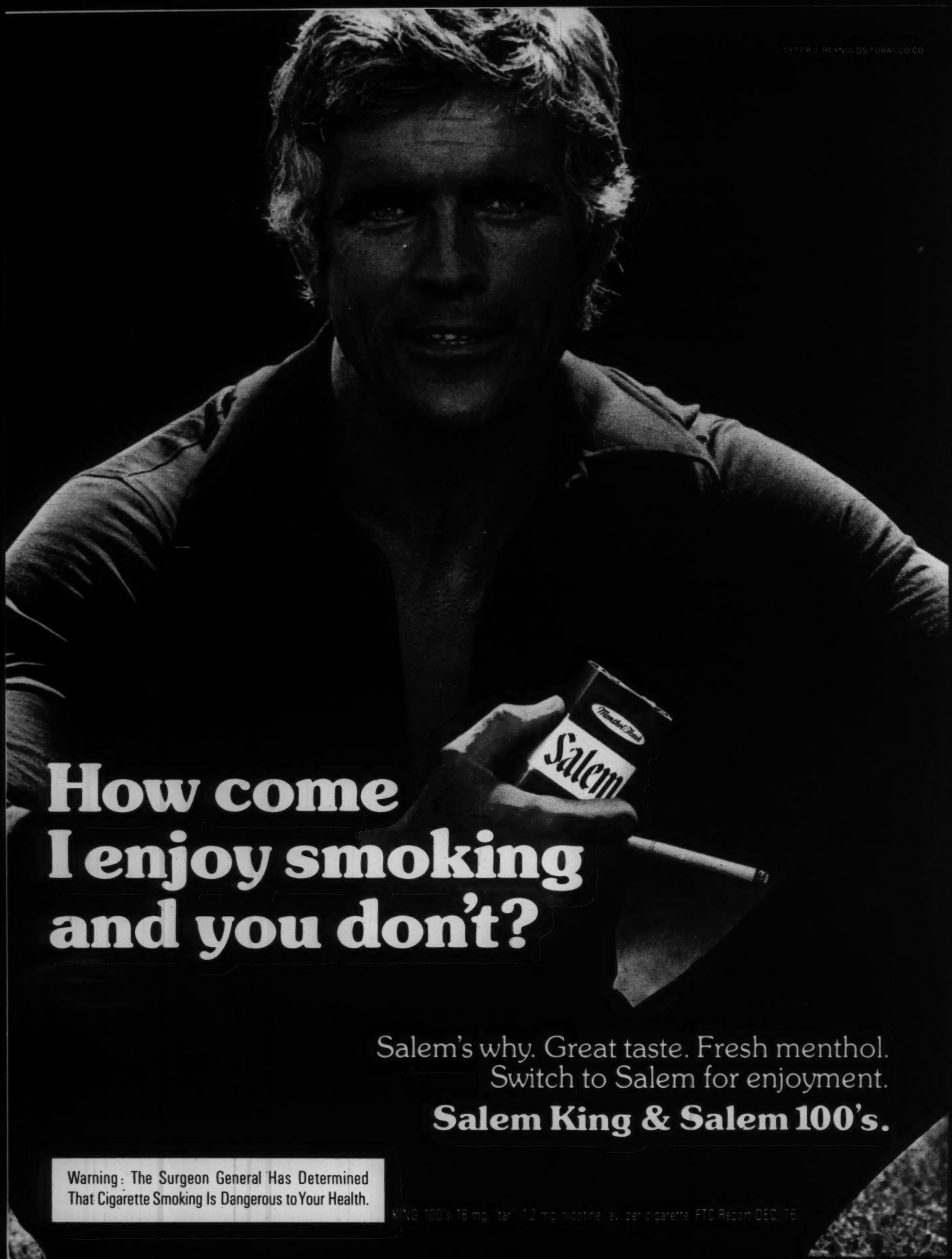
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBIN PLATZER

Bellamania: Bella's politics appeal to socially conscious Beautiful People like (clockwise from the top) Barbra Streisand, Louise Lasser, Lily Tomlin, Shirley MacLaine and Elizabeth Taylor, as well as to the urban liberal voters of New York: "Aw, look, you gotta have some fun," Bella told Brooklyn block-party goers, "politicians, commercials, they're all so somber "


1977 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Menthol Flash
Salem
How come
I enjoy smoking
and you don't?
Salem's why. Great taste. Fresh menthol.
Switch to Salem for enjoyment.
Salem King & Salem 100's.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
KING 100's: 18 mg. "tar" 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette FTC Report DEC. '76.

word of this!' From her, I never quite get *emess* [truth]. Mayor Bella would be *publicly* noisy—*privately*, to make problems go away fast, she could *sell us out*, in *brilliant* negotiations with unions, banks, for whatever looks good—whatever's expedient."

"She's a Tammany socialist," concludes Sid Zion, formerly a *New York Times* legal reporter, now columnist for Michael's paper. "What's that? A liberal hack with *very* strong connections."

In the car, speeding through the hot Queens night, Bella waves away these accusations like flies from Charlotte Russe. "Absolutely unfounded." She isn't even annoyed. "Ludicrous. Obviously." For a microsecond, rage does twist her face; she's dumbfounded, a microsecond, at less than love. "Oh but look, I'm used to that stuff." Stoical shrug. "It doesn't get to me. I don't give in or give up. You gotta laugh off critics. Listen, you come into the Congress of the United States, it is *so-o awesome*, the machinery, they can lay you low like *that*. Forget it, bang-bang-bang, you've had it! So every morning, I'd say to myself, 'Bella, can you really get up in Congress and say *that*?' The answer was, 'Yeh! *Do* it—or they will do it unto *you*!'"

In the basso-arpeggio laugh, and the wonderful eyes, is a sudden sharing of *Bella*'s best joke—that no one enjoys more than she does the picture of a big, shrewd, *meshugina* broad talking Bronx at the Brahmins in the halls of the republic. "Listen, media never chose to consider what's kept me alive through all this—my humor. I don't mean just jokes. The press created me—of course, I made *my* contribution—and now they don't like it when all the pieces don't fit. That story about me telling "Fishbait" Miller [Doorkeeper of the House of Representatives] to go four-letter-word himself—it never happened, but papers reported it anyway, they *want* that from me! In Congress, photographers would wait, sometimes an hour, till they could get one good shot of me banging the gavel, or looking ferocious. And I can be the coolest person you'll ever find. I have *never*, in a public situation, blown a thing! You need a *lotta* different tactics to get the job of mayor done. So what am I gonna do, to the papers, sue 'em?"

As if to quench her own laughter, she splashes perfume onto her neck. "Rive Gauche . . . Shirley likes this, I gotta get her some." Peering through the dark at the papers she holds, she barks, "I can't send out this release, it's illiterate," and, "Harold, this schedule's all screwed up, I'm being given faulty information here, I *told* you what I wanted, and you got it *wrong*!" The car's stopped outside a synagogue, where the tenants meeting is in progress. Harold braves four lanes of traffic to get to a phone booth and get it right, Bella crossly opens the car door herself.

Curtain up, she's on: More fleet of foot than her entourage, she quickly gains the synagogue's podium and wakes the listless group, waiting under *yarmulkas* and frosted hair, with a virtuoso oratorical turn, which starts prosaically, in a singsong, as she adjusts her glasses and hat. "You were supposed to *applaud* there," she murmurs eventually, almost an aside, and she's off and shouting, calling down the nondenominational gods to smite avaricious landlords, their "high-paid lawyers," and the incumbent, for allowing ripoff rents. "BEAME COULD STOP HIGH RENTS WITH A WAVE OF HIS HAND!" Pause. "I, uh, don't think he's got a wand." Even she can't shout over the subsequent applause.

One more time, into the car: Her disposition's dark-edged. "What the hell's the next stop? Ohmygod, Beame's gonna be there, they'll start on abortions, busing, they're against everything I'm for. In Forest Hills, they want me *dead*." She's brushing powder on her nose. "They'll lynch me, big deal, but why set yourself up for a lynch mob? Listen, it's not worth the energy." Later, though, she'll go; first, there's the large green park, where thousands are waiting on the grass for an outdoor Philharmonic concert. "Where all are my posters? They don't remain up long, the opposition rips 'em down. Nobody else's, just mine, all the time." And she's charging through the concertgoers, taking care not to step on their blankets or picnics. "Hi, howyadoin', glad t'see ya, great night!" Many stop her, to ask about free college tuition, Medicaid; a young man worries about his civil service exam, she gently recommends a lawyer for him to consult. ". . . And when I'm mayor, we'll have prepared police, no looting!" Under the park's great trees, designed by Boris Aronson, she performs a graceful morris dance, moving through the summer crowd. "Nice," she murmurs, to no one, "*nice* people." You wonder if she ever cries.

A clean-cut couple stare malevolently from a blanket. When she asks them, "How are ya!" the male counters, "We came to hear Tchaikowsky," he pronounces it skillfully, "not to watch politicians get votes." Cordially, Bella announces, "This is a public park, I have as much right here as you. If it weren't for politicians, you wouldn't *have* this park." No contest. A white-haired man has plucked at her sleeve and whispered. Softly, she tells him, "Ed Koch pounds away at capital punishment, and it just sends more criminals back to the streets 'cause juries don't convict as much. It's not even a mayoral issue! It's being used by the incumbent as a smoke screen to cover the fact he's got no effective anti-crime program." And she details hers. Nuclear power? A little woman with gone-to-seed-dandelion hair asks that. The candidate regards her, startled. Bella tends not to talk too long with the elderly, and she does not kiss babies.

"Listen, media never chose to consider what's kept me alive through all this—my humor. I don't mean just jokes. The press created me—of course, I made *my* contribution—and now they don't like it when all the pieces don't fit."

After her sortie, beside the car, a boy of no more than twelve, wearing a *Star Wars* T-shirt, calls, incredibly, "Opportunist! We came to hear music! Opportunist!" Bella says doubtfully, "You're gonna make a good citizen—someday." When Twilla pulls away from the curb, she adds, "I've seen unbelievable young enthusiasm in this race. Thousands of young people have told me, 'We're voting for the first time because of you.' That kid back there, somebody coached him . . ."

And now for *Bella*'s eleven o'clock song, which, at first hearing, seems to ape Merman's "Rose's Turn" in *Gypsy*. "Some candidates got it, some can't give it away! I've got *zero* to say about the opposition! I don't give Beame or Koch a thought! They're the old order, I'm the new! I'm the only candidate with no strings attached! I'm the only candidate with credibility! Me and Koch, exchanging physical blows, in Congress? Ri-DICULOUS! The press is maligning me! We yelled, we *never* struck each other! Koch is a_____! Beame is a_____! The press is a_____! Me, *fail*? I never think about it! I don't have to! I will never give in!"

Et cetera. The number's thematic line actually resembles that which Kander & Ebb fashioned for Minnelli for *New York, New York*: ". . . Come on, come through, New—York, New—." But doesn't that contradict the libretto? Isn't it up to the antagonist to make New York "come through?" Perhaps Jerry Herman should be brought in for additions to the score. Lyric lines such as "Before the Parade Passes By" may well suit *Bella*'s denouement. Dolly *may* go away again.

"Hey, how ya doin'!" Bella belts that to a car in the next lane, whose driver has honked at her. But the man at the wheel makes a rude gesture and shows her his tailpipes.

"Yeh, and one to you too." Or, look at the old girl now, fellas. She exits laughing.●

A biological factory worthy of Aldous Huxley will "produce" 16 million animals this year. Most will die so that you may live

ANIMAL FARM '77

By Craig R. Waters

It seems like science fiction: a set, perhaps, for a sequel to *Star Wars*.

A large, windowless room with pale blue walls and an off-white linoleum floor, it is filled with row after row, rack upon rack, of glistening, clear-plastic bubbles. The room is illuminated by cool, shadowless light, the air lightly starched with antiseptic, the shiny technology overseen by attendants in white.

But this is not science fiction; it is, rather, science fact. This room is one small part of a very real, if improbable, factory.

Here, today, three men will fashion a product rarer than diamonds—a creature unimagined by God or nature: a living, breathing thing that is free of bacteria, germs, microbes, parasites or viruses. An animal more perfect than any other, which will live its entire life untouched by infections or diseases.

Today, a guinea pig will succeed where Howard Hughes failed.

One of the ubiquitous plastic balloons—an "isolator"—sits by itself on a table in a corner of the room. It is five feet long: an entry port and three pairs of black rubber gloves pierce its sparkling surface; a hose dangling from the ceiling admits filtered air, and a large, tapered, plastic trunk reminiscent of an elephant's drops from its side into a pail filled with Clorox.

The three men slip their hands into the isolator's gloves, and carefully arrange the equipment inside: small plastic cages, coarse towels, gauze pads, scissors, forceps, surgical clamps, bottles of sterile water and Wescodyne, an iodine-based disinfectant. The top of one cage is capped with a thin layer of plastic, and covered with a Wescodyne-soaked towel.

A cardboard shipping crate waits on a nearby table; in it are four guinea pigs. They are not attractive animals: their eyes are a nightmarish pink, their white hair stiff and uneven, their bodies distorted by pregnancy. They huddle together, shivering, as though they sense a growing danger.

The middle-aged surgeon, Ray Bellegarde, lifts out one of the females: she begins to shriek; the cry is strange, a hybrid of whistle and squeak. "Take it easy, girl," he tells her. "This isn't going to hurt." He turns her over and disinfects the broad distended belly; the Wescodyne stains her fur golden brown. He sets her down right side up on a counter, and reaches for an iron bar—it is two feet long and three-eighths of an inch thick. He rests it on the back of her neck, and presses down with the heels of both hands.

Her head and neck invent an impossible angle.

"Cervical dislocation," Bellegarde explains matter-of-factly; it is a neat, efficient phrase—so much more clinical than "broken neck."

The guinea pig is dead, her pink eyes open and unblinking, but he presses down harder and grinds the bar from side to side to make sure; the carotid artery ruptures, and a welt of wet blood blossoms on her throat.

Bellegarde moves more quickly now: he dips the body in Wescodyne, and arranges it on the operating board, pinning the extremities beneath bands of black rubber. Though dead, its bulbous belly continues to tremble with life. Bellegarde's scalpel slits the skin of the abdomen, and scissors cut through the peritoneum: soft organs boil into view. A paper towel, soaked in disinfectant, is draped around the incision. The surgeon presses in on both sides of the abdominal cavity: a large, pink sausage bubbles from the wound.

The uterus is bloated with pups.

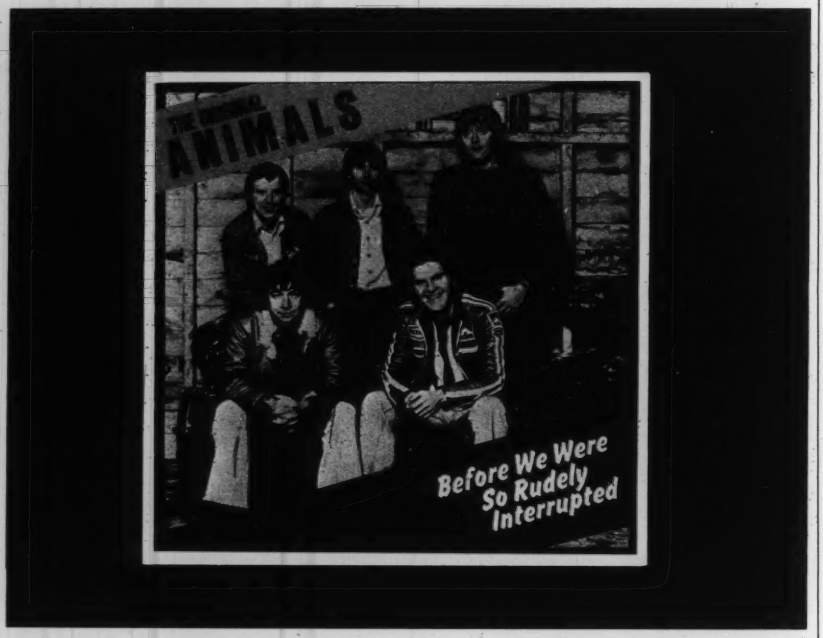
He clamps it, cuts it loose, and places it in a small pail submerged in the larger bucket of Clorox solution; the pail is pulled up the plastic trunk into the isolator. Steve Cail, the production supervisor, lifts out the smooth, U-shaped organ and lays it on top of one of the cages; immediately, he and Bellegarde begin to tear at it with tweezers: the pink balloon is quickly reduced to spaghetti.

Five guinea pigs are inside. They are the size of small eggs, but carpeted with wrinkled, white fur; their eyes squint open at the corners. Black rubber fingers prod their chests, aspirate their nostrils, clamp and cut their umbilical cords. Dr. Rick Lee, a veterinarian, examines them carefully and sets four of them in a clean cage.

From start to finish, the unique Caesarean has taken less than five minutes.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER SOUTHWICK

A GIANT LEAP INTO THE PRESENT.



The return of one of the most historic names in rock and roll: The Animals with a brand new album.

THE ANIMALS were and still are ERIC BURDON, ALAN PRICE, HILTON VALENTINE, CHAS CHANDLER, and JOHN STEEL. They are responsible for some of the greatest music ever recorded.

And now, in 1977, they're at it again!

THE RETURN OF THE ORIGINAL ANIMALS
BEFORE WE WERE SO RUDELY INTERRUPTED.
ON JET RECORDS AND TAPES
Distributed by United Artists Records

Jet RECORDS

UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS

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One pup has died, but the others are alive and preternaturally well: they have been spared the infection of normal birth, they have been secluded from a contaminated atmosphere. They are axenic: free of all known microorganisms—in layman's terms, germ-free. They will be raised in an isolator, nurtured on sterilized liquids and pasteurized food. Then, at two weeks of age, they will be shipped to Dr. Andrew Onderdonk, a colitis researcher at a hospital in Boston.

Supervisor Cail slits the plastic cap on the cage, and sweeps the garbage—placentas, torn uterus and dead pup—into a dark cavity below. He begins to set up for the next delivery.

Animals have been the subject of research for several thousand years. Alcmaeon, a Greek physician, used monkeys in anatomical studies as early as the 5th Century B.C.; the guinea pig appeared in European laboratories about 1780; and history's first air passengers—a sheep, a duck and a rooster—were borne aloft in a Montgolfier balloon.

But it was not until after World War II that the breeding of laboratory animals became a serious, and substantial, business. The modern pharmaceutical industry was in its infancy, the National Institute of Health was a-building in Bethesda, Maryland, and millions of veterans were taking advantage of the GI Bill; it was the beginning of a golden age for universities and bio-medical research. More research meant more animals; more animals meant more money. Soon the elderly couple who were breeding hamsters in their garage had been replaced by earnest young men with M.B.A.'s and attaché cases.

Today, the gold rush in animals continues; it has shifted gears and changed directions, but each year the demand has grown. Figures are difficult to come by, but one Rutgers University study indicated that, in 1971, U.S. laboratories used more than 63 million animals; the head count included 45 million rodents, 15–20 million frogs, 1.7 million birds, 700,000 rabbits, 500,000 dogs and 200,000 cats. The dollar value of animals produced for sale that year was an estimated $80 million.

And that was six years ago. This year, "production" probably will exceed 80 million animals; sales will total well over $100 million. The animals will be used in thousands of different ways. They will be dissected in high school and college classrooms; they will be employed in medical and pharmaceutical research; they will test the safety of food additives, new products and pollutants; they will be launched into space. From baby shampoo to X-rays, from Armstrong to Zenith, sooner or later virtually every aspect of modern life will be affected by them.

Founder Henry Foster: His original $1,200 investment in a few rusty cages is today worth $16 million

During the past 30 years, as the breeding of laboratory animals has grown from a cottage industry into big business, the animals themselves have changed. Increasingly sophisticated research requires increasingly sophisticated subjects, and breeders have found it profitable to provide them. Germ-free rats and mice, once a curiosity, now can be bought off-the-rack, and other germ-free species—including guinea pigs and rabbits—can be bred to order. For researchers with specialized needs, there are mice with arthritis or leukemia, and rats that have hypertension. There is even a model of mouse, the CD-1, that is completely hairless (ironically, this unsalvageably unattractive creature is most often used to test the toxicity of cosmetics). Fooling around with Mother Nature in such kinky ways is obviously an expensive proposition. A stripped-down, germ-free guinea pig may cost as much as $80 . . . as opposed to $7.99 for one of the pet store variety.

There are hundreds of breeders, but only a handful of firms have the capital and exotic expertise required to mass-produce Mighty Mice. Among them are the ARS/Sprague-Dawley Division of Mogul Corp., Hazleton Research Animals, and the Holtzman Co.; but the world's largest is Charles River Breeding Laboratories.

Charles River is to lab animals what Kellogg's is to cornflakes. Each day, like so many Bics or cans of Campbell's soup, more than 43,000 animals tumble down its chutes. They are matched by computer, hand-packed in crates and germ-free containers, and dispatched to customers by truck or plane. It all is as efficient, and as routine, as a Coca Cola bottling machine.

This year, the Massachusetts-based firm will produce some 16 million mice, rats, rabbits, hamsters, monkeys and guinea pigs—which is several million more "units" than General Motors will manufacture. Its sales will total $20 million plus. The company has 2,000 U.S. customers, including schools, federal agencies and pharmaceutical companies, the latter generating 60 percent of its business. It has shipped animals to more than 50 countries, including Australia, Brazil, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Mexico, Pakistan, Switzerland and Venezuela.

Charles River manages this prodigious feat by operating nine divisions and subsidiaries in the U.S. and abroad. But the heart of the firm's operation is its headquarters in Wilmington, a small rural community 15 miles north of Boston. Twenty-five years ago, the lab's 60-acre site was farmland, but an attractive two-story building of dark wood and native stone has long since replaced the weathered barns. The home office sits on a wooded knoll overlooking an impeccably groomed lawn; behind it, and nearly hidden by the trees and hillside, is a group of eight large, white, cinder-block structures: the breeding laboratories. All in all, the complex represents a practical blend of technology and good taste, the result of 30 years of meticulous refining on the part of one Henry Foster.

Foster is the founder of Charles River Breeding Laboratories, and though the firm went public in 1968, he remains, at 52, its president and principal stockholder. In 1947, shortly after graduating from Middlesex University veterinary school, Foster invested $1,200 in a few rusty cages. In 1967, the word may have been "plastics," but, in 1947, with the federal government pumping billions into education and medical research, it was "rats." Recognizing an estrous opportunity, Foster set up a breeding facility in Boston overlooking the Charles River.

In 1952, his lab moved to larger quarters in Wilmington, and, by 1955, included its first "barrier" building. Researchers wanted cleaner animals, ones free of disease and of microorganisms that might taint test results; the only way to obtain them was through isolation. Plastic isolators and barrier buildings made it possible to develop germ-free and "associated," or COBS, colonies. COBS (Caesarean Originated Barrier Sustained) were germ-free animals taken

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But where the average quartz phase locked loop turntable offers you all this accuracy for around $800, our new PL570 does it for under $400.* Which, you'll have to agree, is quite a bargain. (And that's even before you find out that the PL570 is one of the few fully-automatic quartz-lock turntables available today at *any* price.)

Of course, if you're looking for something a little less sophisticated than our PL570, there's still no need to look any further than Pioneer.

In all, we make eight high quality turntables. And while they may not all offer the same kind of features as our PL570, you can bank on at least one thing.

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one step further: exposed to eight beneficial intestinal bacteria, they could be handled outside of an isolator—a distinct advantage to most researchers. Today, COBS animals account for 85 percent of Charles River's business.

Having built a better mouse . . . and rat . . . and rabbit, Charles River began expanding and acquiring. Since 1966, it has formed three foreign subsidiaries, and has purchased four existing firms, including a hamster colony, a primate importer, and the Carworth Division of Becton, Dickinson & Co., once a major competitor.

Today, Henry Foster's original $1,200 investment is worth $16 million.

In addition to its standard COBS and germ-free animals, Charles River also offers specialized products. Customers may specify littermates, lactating females with litter, retired breeders or timed pregnant (the date of mating determined by vaginal smear). They may order the arthritic, diabetic, hairless or hypertensive strains (researchers once had to encapsulate a rat's kidneys in plastic in order to induce hypertension; now, as a result of selective breeding, it occurs spontaneously). Or they may have animals surgically altered; the removal of gonads or master glands is a routine (and inexpensive) procedure.

Such pluperfect creatures have an unlimited number of uses—Charles River has published five bibliographies listing thousands of projects in which its animals were involved. Areas of inquiry include anatomy, biochemistry, biological testing, cancer, endocrinology, immunology, infectious diseases, nutrition, pathology, pharmacology, physiology, psychology, radiology, surgical techniques and toxicology. Charles River guinea pigs are used not only in basic medical and drug research, but to test the safety of everything from bacon to double-knits (no, leisure suits do not cause cancer). They were involved in the development of cortisone, tranquilizers and birth-control pills; 2,000 germ-free "Astromice" tested lunar soil brought back by the astronauts. "Our animals were also involved in the Canadian saccharin test," admits executive vice-president Sumner Foster (Henry's younger brother). "But, frankly, I think it was stupid." Charles River mice have even gotten into show business: several shared the role of Algernon in the film version of *Charly*.

America's research effort has waxed and occasionally waned, but its animal requirements just grow. The larger breeding companies have profited especially from new regulations requiring stricter testing of drugs and consumer products; they are also the beneficiaries of a move, on the part of government and industry, to buy laboratory animals, rather than raise their own. As a result, Charles River's Wilmington facility now operates "at capacity" 24 hours a day, 365 days a year. And each year "capacity" increases.

Science fact: In a habitat that would impress even Portnoy's mother, Charles River personnel each day fashion 43,000 animals unimagined by God

But growth has not at all diminished the exclusivity of this hermetic habitat. For Charles River animals live in what may very well be the world's most "perfect" environment; even the most compulsive of Jewish mothers would be impressed. The animals inside an isolator are unimaginably *clean*: their urine has a slightly sweet odor; their lifespan is nearly double the average; and if one died and was left in its cage, its body would not decay.

Ever.

A COBS barrier room holds up to 7,000 animals, but admittance of mere humanoids is considerably more restricted: in order to enter, an employee must negotiate an elaborate system of four locks. Lock 1: insect spray; Lock 2: disrobe; Lock 3: shower; Lock 4: dress in sterile clothes. Inside the room, everything has been disinfected with dry heat, steam, peracidic acid or ethylene oxide gas. Despite such precautions, barriers are sometimes breached; then the room is stripped to the bare walls (even light fixtures are removed), sterilized and refurnished.

The air is circulated by oil-free turbines and filtered of impurities larger than .8 microns—about three-millionths of an inch; food and bedding are either pasteurized or sterilized; the temperature is maintained at 76 ±1° F. and the humidity kept at 50–55 percent.

Not even hospital operating rooms can begin to approximate such standards. A patient, of course, is just a patient, but a product—a product can be *sold*. For *profit*! And, in the final analysis, laboratory animals are a product. Its advertising may feature lovely white-on-white photographs of cute creatures, but Charles River is not selling pets; it is selling a living litmus as crucial to research as white smocks.

Henry Foster's biological factory features a sophisticated assembly line

JOB HIT KIT: Offer includes one pack new **JOB 1-point-25**, two packs **JOB one-point-five**, and one pack **JOB** doublewide papers (one sample a family, please). I am enclosing $1 to cover cost, postage and handling. I am over 21 years of age.

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not all that different from the one Aldous Huxley described 45 years ago in *Brave New World*:

"Flaps of fresh . . . peritoneum ready-cut to the proper size came shooting up in little lifts from the Organ Store in the sub-basement. Whizz and then, click: the lift hatches flew open; the bottle-liner had only to reach out a hand, take the flap, insert, smooth down. . . . The procession advanced; one by one the eggs were transferred from their test tubes to the larger containers; deftly the peritoneal lining was slit, the morula dropped into place, the saline solution poured in . . . and already the bottle had passed, and it was the turn of the labelers. Heredity, date of fertilization, membership of Bokanovsky Group—details were transferred from test tube to bottle. No longer anonymous, but named. . . ."

Huxley's assembly line, of course, involved *humans*. But then, too, it was only fiction; Charles River's is all too real.

Charles River may have no intention of taking a page from Huxley, but it assuredly does have plans for man's closest relative: the monkey. At first, the firm confined itself to rodents, but then, in 1973, it bought into a primate importing company and, three years later, acquired it. It also purchased a 90-acre tropical island off the coast of Florida. The uninhabited island, 20 miles north of Key West, has since become the world's first breeding colony of uncaged rhesus monkeys. Its 2,000 animals, which eat the nearly 1,000 pounds of Purina Monkey Chow that are ferried to the island each day, are expected to produce about 600 salable offspring this year (at $187–$395 each).

The venture proved so successful that Charles River recently bought a second, 150-acre island. The initial project was not without setbacks though: an advanced TV and laser-beam security system had to be dismantled because it wasn't any match for the monkeys: they clowned in front of the cameras all day, and offed the lasers with mud.

Henry Foster had hoped to name the first island *Key Lois* after his wife; when he learned that that was illegal, he named it *Key LOIS* (Laboratory Observing Island Simians) instead. A likely name for the second island is, more simply, Mon Key.

Some of the monkeys bred on the islands may eventually take part in America's space shuttle program, but most of them—like the vast majority of animals raised by Charles River—will continue to die so that men may live longer.

"This is Jerry," says Dr. Onderdonk.

Jerry, a plump snowball of a guinea pig, sits in his cage, serenely preening his long white fur; he is one of some 25 germ-free pigs that Charles River has "manufactured" for Onderdonk—one of the several hundred he eventually will be using in his research. But Jerry obviously is unique. "He's been with us so long that he's become something of a pet, a rather pampered one, I'm afraid."

If left in its cage, the corpse of a Charles River animal would not decay. Ever

Dr. Andrew Onderdonk is a microbiologist, a researcher at a Veterans Administration hospital in Boston. He is a tall, good-looking young man with dark blond hair and a shaggy mustache; a pipe and white lab coat complete the clinical image. For the past three years, Onderdonk has been investigating the causes of colitis.

For most people, colitis is synonymous with cramps and diarrhea—a condition somewhere between the common cold and Hong Kong flu in severity. But, each year, it affects more than 8 million Americans and kills in excess of 30,000. Scientists had a model (colitis could be induced in guinea pigs) and a theory (they suspected the disease was caused by some of the 200-300 microorganisms that inhabit the human intestine), but, until recently, had not combined the two to advantage. Then, in 1976, Onderdonk realized that he could test the theory using *germ-free* guinea pigs.

"I called a friend at Charles River, and asked him if they could provide some," he explains. "No one else had any. Now, as far as I know, we're the only researchers using germ-free guinea pigs."

When Onderdonk attempted to induce colitis in the new *clean* animals, he found it impossible to do so — despite repeated attempts, the animals remained completely healthy. Intestinal microorganisms, he concluded, must be a factor in the occurrence of the disease. Now, employing computer analyses and sophisticated, gas/liquid chromography techniques with normal guinea pigs, he is attempting to isolate the specific microorganism involved.

"Once we know what the initiation phenomena is," he says, "we'll know the best point to block the effect. It might be possible to immunize people against colitis. . . . We're talking . . . possibly 10 years away; but this is a problem which has been studied for the past 50-60 years . . . and this strange little guinea pig is responsible for the breakthrough."

Nonetheless, things being what they are, when a cure is finally discovered, it probably will bear Onderdonk's name. *Jerry's* miracle vaccine might be more to the point, but, as Orwell reminded us, some animals are more equal than others.●

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U.S. 26
12
Courageous

By Jonathan Black

Blackbeard among the Bluebloods

The New York Yacht Club has finally lost the America's Cup to a foreigner—Ted Turner of Atlanta, Georgia. He even speaks a different language

It's the Superbowl of yachting, the longest winning streak in American sports. Not since the schooner *America* first won the garish Victorian pitcher from England in 1851 has a foreign challenger succeeded in wresting the America's Cup from its case at the New York Yacht Club. The suspense, approximately every four years when the Cup is "put at risk," revolves around which U.S. boat grabs the honored role of Defender. Indeed, it's said that the day a foreign boat *does* win the Cup, its place in the trophy case will be immediately taken by the head of the losing skipper. But none of the three contending Twelve Meter skippers this summer were terribly worried about that prospect. Least of all the irascible Mouth of the South, sailing's enfant terrible, skipper of *Courageous*, the dashing, rowdy Ted Turner, the man finally selected on August 30 for the Cup's defense.

It's three in the afternoon down at Bannister's Wharf today and Turner's feeling in exceptionally fine spirits. While his rivals are still out pounding the seas off Brenton Reef, Ted is happily sprawled in the cabin of *Rage*, the Chris Craft tender that just pulled *Courageous* into dock, sucking on a beer and explaining his early return from practice: "I beat him [Ted Hood] so bad out there he just wanted to be left alone. Would you believe he clipped a buoy going out? Knocked two inches right out of his bow. Ain't that somethin'?" Jobson, the navigator, chuckles, but Turner has already grown bored with mocking the opposition. He has other things on his mind. Namely the Richmond Braves, the Triple A farm team of the Atlanta Braves, which he bought last year for a cool $10 million. As long as the Braves were up in Rhode Island playing Pawtucket tonight, figured Ted, he'd treat them to a little excursion aboard his $500,000 62-foot ocean racer *Tenacious*. He tilts his captain's cap to a slightly more rakish angle and checks out *Tenacious*' empty berth on Bannister's Wharf: "Hey, where are those guys? Aw, what the hell—they didn't need the infield practice anyway."

By all predictions Ted Turner was not slated to be feeling quite so cocky and jovial at this point in what yachting buffs term the Longest Summer of the Twelves. During the 1974 Cup trials, Turner, saddled with a dud of a boat, *Mariner*, was replaced at the eleventh hour by another skipper and, in his own words, "I ate my portion of humble pie." Few doubted Turner would fare much better this summer. Though regarded as highly talented, Turner has been known to perform erratically—and the reputed $300,000 Turner and his pals dumped into the kitty of the Kings Point Syndicate undoubtedly helped assure his presence at the helm. Furthermore, Ted was skippering *Courageous*, the 1974 champ, but a Tin Lizzie compared both to Lowell North's *Enterprise*, product of a $100,000 tank-testing program and flying computer-designed sails, and to *Independence*, skippered by that legendary Renaissance man of sailing and 1974 Defender: Ted Hood.

So the beginning of summer saw Hood emerge as popular odds-on favorite. Hood was the world's most noted sailmaker, not only a gentleman, but an east coast gentleman. Hood would not only steer the boat and use his own sails, but had himself designed the *Independence* hull. As *Yankee* magazine headlined his profile: "Number One Sailor in Marblehead (maybe the world!)." Mysteriously, however, the Hood effort took a surprise nose dive during the June trials, and in Hood's place Lowell North from San Diego took over as popular favorite. It might be "refreshing" to have a west coast boat defend the Cup, agreed the men over luncheon in the Commodore's Room of the New York Yacht Club. North, after all, was a damn good sailor, an Olympic champion and a Star-class legend. His own poor showing in June was laid to North's unfamiliarity with Atlantic waters and to the inevitable "kinks" present in a new boat. By midsummer, however, a certain trepidation could be felt in the air of the Commodore's Room. North had yet to mount a distinguished showing, Hood was proving a mild embarrassment, and there now presented itself the dim but alarming possibility that the Holy Grail of yachting might soon have the name R.E. "Ted" Turner III permanently engraved on its silver base.

Fortunately, most New York Yacht Club members had not yet set sail for Newport and so had been spared all

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but rumors of Terrible Ted's shenanigans. None, for instance, is present today on Bannister's Wharf to witness a Cup contender horsing around with his baseball team, when, by all rights, he ought to be practicing *tacks*. Slapping the back of a large black centerfielder as the man unsteadily lurches onto land, Turner chuckles, "He got sick? Hell, what made him sick is he didn't get no *hits* last night. Ain't that right? Naw, you didn't miss much. We beat Hood so bad he decided to quit. Hey, who's pitching tonight? . . . Al'*right*."

Amidst the crusty gentry of Newport society, where the dictum—Court Not Notoriety—is expected of all who enter this hallowed mecca of yachting, especially beknighted Cup defenders, Ted Turner has burst upon the scene like a boisterous, profane playboy. When the first Newport matron motored past Conley Hall, the converted Bellevue Avenue mansion where Turner and crew are residing this summer, there was an audible gasp that could be heard all the way to Hammersmith Farm. There, on Conley's sprawling manicured lawn, a pitch meant for croquet wickets only, sat a large, 15-foot-diameter, deep-dish antenna, installed, it seemed, to receive WTCG–TV, Atlanta, beamed straight from RCA's Sat Com II satellite 22,000 miles in space. "We've got the only station that's on satellite," crows Turner, bounding up the mansion stairs. "We got fifty cities. Biggest damn cable network in the world." He strips off his *Courageous*-green T-shirt and flicks on the bedroom's color TV. "Look at that—Channel 12. The reception's so bad you can't even *watch* it. But get a load of this. (He turns the dial to WTCG–TV). Pretty good reception, huh? Pretty heavy, huh? How can you hate a station that runs *I Love Lucy* instead of the *CBS News*? That's why I bought it: to en-ter-*tain* people. We got *Hazel, Andy Griffith, The Beverly Hillbillies*. You can't tell me that's not better than hearin' about schoolbuses with children overturned in Uruguay. You tell me, when did the news ever show somethin' *good*, a boy scout getting a badge? Am I right?"

To suggest that a Newporter watch Hazel instead of Walter Cronkite might have easily caused simultaneous coronary thrombosis up in the mansions of Bellevue Avenue. But Turner's preference in TV programming was only one of many infractions, and certainly the least public. He was fast, for instance, wearing out his welcome at Newport's most reputable watering holes. He had been politely shown the door of Bannister Wharf's swank Black Pearl restaurant, a particular embarrassment since Kings Point Syndicate had leased the wharf this summer—and parked flush against the restaurant sits the enormous white trailer emblazoned *Independence/Courageous*. In the Reading Room, Newport's primmest and snootiest private club, a senior member of the New York Yacht Club had been so affronted by Turner's boozy bellowing across the quiet mahogony room that he had succeeded in having the *Courageous* skipper unceremoniously escorted out into the night. And then, of course, there was the little incident at June MacKaye's party.

A reputation as loyal, devoted husband has never been one of Turner's strong suits. Indeed, it wasn't long after *Courageous* and company docked in Newport this summer that the tongues of the gossips began to wag: where, oh where, was Ted's French "cook," the voluptuous blonde who had popped up with Ted at virtually every port on the ocean-racer circuit? Even with no one on his arm, and Mrs. Turner sharing the bedroom in Conley Hall, Turner did not disappoint Newport's stodgy scandalmongers. "He propositions everyone," clucks an awed Turner-watcher this summer. "Nothing stops the guy—even with the woman's husband standing twenty feet away." But all such alleged

"How can you hate a station that runs *I Love Lucy* instead of the *CBS News*? You can't tell me that's not better than hearing about schoolbuses with children overturned in Uruguay"

lechery was small potatoes compared to the night when the crème de la crème de la *crème* of Newport society gathered at Mrs. MacKaye's behest for a gala party to honor the *Courageous* skipper. Hardly had the silver soup toureens been cleared from the head table than the guest of honor rose from his seat, approached the hostess, bent and whispered into her ear. Mrs. MacKaye turned white, and a few minutes later Turner was discovered by one dinner guest in an outside phone booth while Turner's wife hammered furiously on the door, shouting, "Get out of there, you bastard! Get out!" It seems that Turner's exit line was, "Excuse me, I have to go call my mistress."

As if that weren't enough, there was the evening at Bailey's Beach. Bailey's Beach, that exclusive bastion of Newport's pipe and sneaker set, where rank in the echelons of society is calculated directly by the distance of one's reserved parking space from the front door and where each of the cabanas rents for $6,000. The money itself, of course, is of no consequence; indeed, all

Jonathan Black last wrote for New Times *on the "business" of sex.*

Ted Turner's millions could not have bought him a key or even outside shower privileges. He was naturally welcome as a guest the afternoon of the quaint mini-regatta in the Bailey Beach pool between small rubber boats with such amusing names as *Surprise* and *Outrageous*, and might still be welcome at Ocean Drive except for that fateful night when he attended a Bailey Beach dinner dance. Versions of what exactly transpired differ. The sympathetic confess there was undoubtedly ample provocation, and add that the Mouth of the South had perhaps imbibed one too many poolside "summer coolers." In any case, feeling belligerent and unrestrained, Turner announced in a voice considerably louder than the traditional Bailey Beach whisper: "The trouble with these stiff bitches is that they really need to be *fucked*—and I'm the guy to do it."

A cosmic shudder convulsed Newport society, from the tiny cabanas at oceanside to the summer "cottages" of the Astors and Vanderbilts along Bellevue Avenue. The America's Cup rattled in its case on 44th Street. Lee Loomis, head of the Kings Point Syndicate, called another hasty strategy meeting. No matter how fast his boat, feared the men who'd plunked down $1 million, Ted Turner was jeopardizing their chance of having *Courageous* defend the Cup. All members of the Syndicate knew by heart the appropriate provision: "Unlike the selection of the challenger," reads the NYYC's official handbook, "the defending yacht is not selected mathematically by the number of races it wins in the trials but purely by the *judgment* of the America's Cup Committee" (italics added). The NYYC had not been delighted to add Ted Turner's name to its august membership roles in 1973: according to insiders, Ted had previously been rejected twice for membership. A similar wariness had no doubt gripped the institution when Emil "Bus" Mosbacher, son of a Jewess, but who himself is a practicing Episcopalian, was finally admitted to membership in order that he officially represent the NYYC in his successful 1962 Cup defense with *Weatherly*. "But at least Mosbacher was a gentleman," explains an NYYC member. "He knew how to dress right, he behaved right and spoke right. He didn't grab other men's wives." Not so easily assimilated was the frightening prospect of Ted Turner rising, after several drinks, to deliver the keynote address at the post-victory America's Cup Dinner.

Social wariness of Turner naturally predated this summer's Newport antics. Ted Turner did not exactly sail smoothly up through the ranks of Northeast yachting society, whose members float their first sloops in the bathtub of Long Island Sound. Turner's father was a stern, psychotic Georgian, an Outdoor Advertising magnate who beat his son with wire coat hangers when Ted failed

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to read a book every two days and shipped him off to military school at age nine. By the time Ted arrived at Brown he was already an outrageous drunkard, a devilish Confederate rebel with the rakish look and swagger of Clark Gable's Rhett Butler (indeed, Ted eventually named one of his sons Rhett). Not surprisingly, Ted's study of the classics at Brown was cut short, first by suspension from Brown and then expulsion from Ted's own fraternity, which he practically burned to the ground. Eventually Ted returned to Macon, where his father, having sold the faltering billboard business, had blown out his brains in the family mansion. Through some intricate maneuvers Ted had the sale negated and, with the business revitalized, expanded into communications, bought several TV and radio stations, then purchased the Atlanta Hawks and Braves. His reason for buying the Braves: it was costing $600,000 yearly for TV rights—for only $10 million he could own the team. Not long after, however, he ran afoul of Bowie Kuhn for unauthorized on-field managing and tampering with players under contract. When Kuhn suspended him, Turner sued the baseball commissioner. It was during the hearing that Turner, under stiff cross-examination by Kuhn's attorney Richard Wertheimer, erupted with: "After this is over, if you keep that up, you're going to get a knuckle sandwich!" The courtroom fell silent, the stunned judge said nothing, and eventually the cross-examination resumed—but considerably subdued. In yachting, meanwhile, Ted was earning the reputation of a crazed, obsessive, but extremely gifted sailor. For ten years, he worked his way up through the smaller racing classes, winning championships in Y Flyers, Flying Dutchmans and 5.5 Meters, while at the same time churning up the waters in ocean racing. By the early 1970s, Turner was spending over $100,000 a year on big boat races and at least another $20,000 on plane tickets jetting from Perth to the Isle of Wight to Bermuda. Eventually Ted took aim on yachting's Grand Prize—the America's Cup. When his effort on *Mariner* failed, Ted spared few kind words on yachting's wunderkind, Britton Chance Jr., who'd designed the turkey with the chopped-off stern: "Even shit is pointed at both ends," fumed Turner, who then, more recently, reportedly decked "shitty Britty" in a Florida brawl. Summarizing the general objection to Turner, a well-heeled businessman, NYYC member and social chum of Loomis from Long Island's Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club explains: "He's thoroughly Atlanta and thoroughly ruthless. Our gang on 44th Street doesn't much like aggressive people."

Despite his glaring character flaws, Turner continued to win mounting, if begrudging, respect this summer for his talents as helmsman. By the same token, the wholesome duo of Hood and North—both gentlemen beyond reproach—watched their professional reputations sink. Where once, in June, North was praised as a brilliant designer, engineer and tinkerer, by early August the word was: North "tinkers too much." Gets too involved in minutiae, abdicates too much control at the wheel, relies too much on sophisticated onboard computers. A member of the NYYC, who insisted on anonymity, recently described the man as "not used to the big boat racket. Out of his league." In fact, by the end of August North was formally out of the league—replaced at the *Enterprise* helm by Malin Burnham.

Hood suffered a similar decline. Once praised for his total control over *Independence*'s sails, hull and helm, with each race lost the mutterings increased that Hood was too much of a one-man operation. "Too arrogant. Mr. Big," said a yachtsman at Newport's Ida Lewis Yacht Club, summer affiliate of the NYYC. The subdued, modest command Hood admirably exercised over his crew was now being compared unfavorably

Summarizing the general objection to Turner, a NYYC member explains: "He's thoroughly Atlanta and thoroughly ruthless. Our gang on 44th Street doesn't much like aggressive people"

with Turner's rabid dictatorial fireworks. Until Hood was finally eliminated altogether the last week of August, his best hope had been that Turner's social gaffes might cost him the helm. "It's common knowledge," declares an Australian crewman on *Gretel II*, "that the New York Yacht Club wouldn't want Ted Turner as skipper."

Perhaps. But finally there was little choice. Though cast as the enfant terrible, the Bull in the China Shop, Turner was performing where it counted most—at the finish line. As opposed to an analytic sailor like North, a computerized technocrat, Turner's down-to-earth aggressive style had succeeded in that most traditional and conservaive of goals: winning races. As one observer put it: "The name of the game's winning. I don't give a damn if it's a black or a Chinese. Our gang'll select the guy who'll keep that Cup in its case on 44th Street."

But Syndicate head Lee Loomis wasn't taking any chances. Which explains his frequent presence at Bannister's Wharf early in the morning before *Courageous* sets off for her daily practice. This morning Turner is briefly occupied elsewhere, so the Big Loom, clipboard in hand, is approaching each crew member separately with news of Saturday's America's Cup Ball. "We've got an invitation for you. The tickets cost $60, so when it comes to two we're giving preference to the men who are married, then those who are engaged . . . " He also takes a moment to explain the "hot disco party" at the Reading Room. What with the party starting at 10 p.m., smack in the middle of the August races, naturally, on behalf of the crew, Loomis declined: "I just tied up those invitations in a bundle and sent 'em right back," he tells each crewman. "Just to avoid any, you know, uh, trouble." "Yes, sir," reply the crew. They're well aware of Trouble in the Reading Room. Finally Turner appears and the Big Loom gently but firmly steers him to a secluded bench on the dock where he sits him down and itemizes the latest infractions—first, that little matter about racing too close to shore. Turner nods: "Fine, boss, but I've never run agound in a Twelve. Yes, I know . . . *Columbia* hit that rock, but . . . "

Not to be distracted from his message, the Big Loom cuts in, "Now everything else is just quiet as a mouse. Suppose we keep it that way."

Unfortunately, Loomis was unable to prevent what may have been Turner's most shocking breach of etiquette, the night of the *Courageous* cocktail party when a somewhat loaded Turner strode up to his mild-mannered competitor North and, wagging his finger, declared: "You big piece of shit!" However, while it might have seemed the sort of gutter blasphemy to pop the Cup selection committee's buttons, in Turner's eyes the remark was entirely justifiable, an appropriate comment on North scandalously un-sportsmanlike conduct during this summer's most heated dispute: the Great Sail Controversy.

The dispute dates back a year to the One Ton Cup, a race in France, when North, who was then crewing for Turner, agreed to supply Turner and his 1977 Twelve with North sails. But then in March, at the Congressional Cup, North told Turner that, unfortunately, the Fort Schuyler Syndicate had tied him to an exclusive contract. So the deal was off. A furious Turner promptly filed a protest with the New York Yacht Club which, after due consideration, leaned on North to be more forthcoming. North then relented, but only agreed to give Turner sails made *before* 1975. Only pre-*Enterprise*. Turner howled in outrage. He wanted the *latest* sails. His first race with North in June Turner flew a protest flag, but the NYYC disallowed it, and again North wearily apologized he had merely bowed to the will of his Syndicate.

"Bull-*shit*," Turner continues to

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Captain *Courageous*: During final Cup trials, Turner's Twelve (right) staves off the late-August challenge of *Enterprise*'s new skipper, Malin Burnham

scoff. "The guy's 47 years old, a millionaire, president of his own company. You're telling me he can't make his own *decisions*?"

"I'm the one amateur," trumpets Turner. "Fighting against two professionals."

This great ado about sailcloth may seem trite, or a petty publicity hype on Turner's part, but one must remember that in Twelve Meter racing the smallest edge can mean victory. In the 1974 Cup trials it was a last-minute rigging of copied North sails that many believe helped *Courageous* nip *Intrepid* in the final, and deciding, race. The majority of races this summer have been won by what would pass for a horse-length in the Kentucky Derby. Often a matter of seconds decides which Twelve defends the Cup and which receives the Cup selection committee, stiffly clad in full blue-blazer regalia, in its traditional walk down the dock to shake hands with the losing crew and skipper and explain, "Thanks very much, old man. We enjoyed your taking part." Ted Turner was not spending three long months in Newport for that dubious privilege.

Ironically, the Great Sail Dispute may have saved Turner's skin. North's costly computer-designed sails for *Enterprise* were a disappointment this summer, a series of exotic tri-axials and zipper luffs that, thanks to their color and ineffectuality, became known as "Hefty Garbage Bags." And while the *Enterprise* syndicate shrugged off these efforts as "noble experiments in technology," the Garbage Bags did not help North in the other great battle being waged at Newport this summer—North's war with Hood. At stake: huge commercial benefits and recognition as the world's foremost sailmaker.

But all these calculations predated the unforeseen emergence of Turner. Turner, for his part, uses sails concocted by Robbie Doyle, the *Courageous* sail trimmer and, curiously, right-hand man at Hood Sailmakers. A complex situation which has led more than one yachting insider to predict that if Turner is selected as defending skipper it might not be long before both Hood and North will be facing a fierce *third* competitor: Ted Turner Enterprises, with Robbie Doyle in charge.

As August drew to a close it was beginning to look increasingly certain that Ted and his Twelve *would* get the nod from the Cup committee (in spite of a rash of "Stop the Mouth" buttons that suddenly sprouted on Newport's blazers)—and would soon be clobbering the Challenger around the buoys off Brenton Reef. Today, having just trounced North for the second time this week in the final trials, Turner's in jovial spirits and uncharacteristically charitable. Where a few days before he'd described his rivals as "one nice guy and one prick—and I don't have to tell you which one's the lyin', unsportsmanlike prick," this afternoon, heading toward Conley Hall with Jobson in tow, Turner settles for a mischievous grin: "You know what Thumper's mother said to Bambi: 'If you don't have anything *nice* to say, then don't say nothin' at all.' Not bad advice for a little rabbit."

"Come on," he urges. "Shoot some questions."

Are there any rules at Conley Hall, discipline, curfew? "Be at the dock at nine in the morning—and be *good*."

What about *Enterprise*'s sophisticated on-board computer? Does Jobson's compare? "Hell, we got the finest computer on board there is—the *human mind*. And we got *eleven* of them."

Turner digresses briefly on one of his favorite topics, his mission to entertain people. "A poor society can't support entertainment. The Irish have enough trouble raising potatoes. Maybe it's not fair, but as long as the U.S.of A. has got the money . . . " That's why he bought the Braves, that's what sports are all about. Turner loves sports. All sports. Football, volleyball, what-do-you-call-it-soccer, you name it. "Jobson here kills me at ping-pong. But I get my revenge. Last night I bloodied Jobson at darts. Right Jobson? When it got to where I was takin' over his double-mortgaged house"—a tanned blonde with a bare midriff passes and Ted salutes with his usual "Howdy!", then cuts through the hedge of Conley Hall. Striding over the lawn, past his giant antenna, past his boisterous crew engaged in a volleyball game, he pauses for a moment to savor the scene. "You want to know somethin'? At very few times in history did someone with less ability make so much of it. Two TV stations"—he starts walking again, slowly, toward the mansion and his son Rhett at the door, and slowly his voice trails off—"radio stations . . . two ball teams . . . two boats . . . like Zorba said . . . The Whole Confusion."●

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Movies/By Richard Corliss

The B movie is alive and, well...

Film critics are lazy creatures. They want to devote their column space to movies that will be seen, or at least talked about, by the largest possible number of their readers. They want to see films in comfortable, comforting surroundings: a plush screening room in the company of a few other movers and shakers, not a noisy movie house full of shovers and makers. They may even enjoy seeing some shards of their prose on a movie marquee, and find themselves sprinkling "money quotes" through an otherwise tepid review. And as the years pass they become more interested in what they're saying than what they're seeing; their profession is more important than what was once their obsession. (You'll notice I've cast this jeremiad in the third-person plural. Goodness knows *I'm* not guilty of any of these sins.)

The result: the movies you read about tend to be the ones most heavily prescreened and presold. You'll find millions of words knocking *Exorcist II: The Heretic*, but hardly a sentence praising—or knocking—a B-movie bijou like *Special Delivery* (Movies, *NT*, February 18, 1977). I sometimes think this benign neglect is a good thing. Movie directors have been hurt as much as helped by enthusiastic criticism of their work; prolonged exposure to press clippings can turn a talented filmmaker into a self-conscious auteur. This can't be said of the craftsmen whose movies we now consider. These films are produced at, or way below, the current poverty level—about $1 million. They boast no stars on either side of the camera. But, good, bad or indifferent, they're mostly worth seeing, and writing about.

There are two subspecies of American fringe movies: we'll call them exploitation films and art films, though the former are frequently artful and the latter occasionally exploit their noble themes. Exploitation films (or B movies) are made to make money, not to win critical laurels, and for this reason they're rarely taken seriously; they're the cracker crumbs in the seams of most film histories. But there are virtues to be found here: grace, energy, narrative drive and an appreciative understanding of eccentric middle-Americana. In **Citizens Band** (now making a strange journey from the Sunbelt's drive-ins toward the New York Film Festival), all these qualities peacefully coexist. Too peacefully—that's the problem. The movie, meant to cash in on the CB phenomenon, doesn't have the violence expected of an action movie, and it's played to disappointing business. This may be because it explores the phenomenon instead of exploiting it. More than that, *Citizens Band* is a disarming anachronism—a canny combination of Frank Capra's populist hysteria and Preston Sturges' hysterical parodies. And like those grand old movies, it celebrates the particularly American sense of community.

Eccentric middle-Americana: Candy Clark and Paul LeMat are married over CB radios in *Citizens Band*

In Sturges satires like *Hail the Conquering Hero* and *The Miracle of Morgan's Creek*, the community was a chaotic collection of grizzled bit-players fighting for their place on the screen; in Capracorn like *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* and *It's a Wonderful Life*, the community began as an angry crowd opposed to the hero and ended as a Main Street glee club supporting and fulfilling him. A generation later, there's little left on Main Street but a Jack-in-the-Box and a massage parlor; Americans live in their cars, on the move and on their own. And as they live in a machine, they communicate through one—the CB radio, which provides them with both camaraderie and privacy, and in which they can hide their straight selves and expose the dark or Day-Glo side of their id. In *Citizens Band* the CB is used less as a DEW-line against impending smokeys or as an S.O.S. for wounded semi's, and more as a hot line for stick-shift Romeos and borderline crazies to talk out loud to themselves—until the film's climax, when the CBers join forces to find an old man lost in the woods. The voices become faces, the faces become friends, the friends become a community.

One of the pleasures of B movies is the wealth of first-rate American character actors. In *Citizens Band* that means everybody, including the two "stars," Paul Le Mat (who played the Fonz prototype in *American Graffiti*) and Candy Clark (another *Graffiti* graduate, also impressive in *The Man Who Fell to Earth*), who wind up—another blessed anachronism—in each other's arms in the final shot. The finale, in which the lovers are married over CBs (the groom in his car, the bride in hers, the minister in his), is, by today's standards, fairly audacious in its robust

optimism—which is neither calculated nor naive, but truly earned by Paul Brickman's funny, rock-solid script and Jonathan Demme's elegantly loose-limbed direction. *Citizens Band* is a movie that can make you feel good about America—even about Hollywood.

Another new B-movie cycle has less to do with national crazes than with the time-honored art of the Hollywood ripoff. Movies about sports had usually given no-hit performances at the box office, but when 1976 produced two giant money-makers in *Rocky* (boxing) and *The Bad News Bears* (baseball), the Polo Lounge was suddenly filled with athletic supporters. Now comes the inevitable: **The Bad News Bears in Breaking Training**, an almost unspeakable title for an unspeakably bad movie. (We note with sadness that Paul Brickman's screenplay here is as inept as his script for *Citizens Band* was ept.) Smart-ass kids have always struck me as appropriate subjects for federal legislation—under the child-bleating statute, perhaps—so I may not be the person to consult about a movie whose heroes are simply updated, jaded models of the kids with whom Art Linkletter used to discuss mommy, daddy and peepee. These *Bad News* kids say the goddamdest things, which may explain the popular success of this new kind of family movie. Parents can watch these Orange County hellions and think, "My son's not like that"; a 10-year-old boy can watch them and think, "That's me." A third *Bad News* film is already in the works (the team goes to Tokyo to play in the Little League world championship), and a fourth has been threatened. Maybe the Bears will blindfold themselves and play the Oakland A's.

Breaking Training exposes no more than the nerve ends of its audience; **One on One**, starring and cowritten by Robby Benson, and directed by Lamont Johnson, means to expose some of the venality of big-time college basketball. Out at Western University in L.A. (you'll be forgiven if you mistake it for UCLA), the soft-spoken coach is an out-of-the-closet Prussian sadist, his secretary is a nymphoholic, his players have more speed off the court than on—and in walks a criminally innocent Colorado Candide, who wonders only why the coach is so mean to him, why the secretary is so nice to him, and why his friends all have straws up their noses. There's less conviction in the indictment than you'd think, however, because the bad guys are merely providing a wall of villainy for our hero to beat his head against, and then break through.

Lamont Johnson has won some quiet critical respect for making small-scale movies (*The Last American Hero, My Sweet Charlie*) which, in other hands, could have been a lot worse. They also could have been a little better. Johnson has a way with directing actors—Benson and three of my favorite Hollywood actresses (Annette O'Toole, Gail Strickland, Melanie Griffith) turn in warm, intelligent performances—but his visual style falls into the flashy-pedestrian category, and he still lacks the clout to impose an effective narrative structure on his material. Given a goopy love scene, he'll shoot it as best he can instead of insisting on rethinking and rewriting. Given the mandatory sports-movie finale (the come-off-the-bench-and-from-behind victory), he'll give it some quick-cut razzle-dazzle without bothering to resolve the dramatic conflict the script ignores. (If the coach is so desperate to win, he'll plan his team's last shot around its star player, no matter how much he dislikes him.) Johnson has the quiet integrity of a Red Holzman—a decent manager of men who needs better players to help him win the big one.

Appealing loonies: Craig Russell (center) and friends in *Outrageous!*

The art film—made outside the normal channels of production and distribution, with low budgets and high artistic ideals—has its own subgenres. One of the most persistent, from *David and Lisa* through *A Woman Under the Influence* and up to the current **I Never Promised You a Rose Garden**, is the film about sympathetic psychotics. In these movies the insane are picturesque, pretty—and morally superior to the well-meaning simps who commit and treat them. It's a triumph of the hip over the square, of attractive theatricality over uptight liberalism. In *Rose Garden* the audience has something else to root for: the triumph of actress Kathleen Quinlan, as Deborah, over the film's own rigid mind-set. Quinlan's serious, sensitive face, dominated by big, green, beautiful, unblinking eyes, help us know Deborah can be saved, and make us want her to be. She's fighting not only her own demons (tribal spirits that seem borrowed from *The Heretic*), but a coven of the country's leading over-actresses (Sylvia Sydney, Diane Varsi, Signe Hasso and especially Susan Terrell). Quinlan's is a remarkable performance in a role that could have been played for easy laughs and tears, the way the rest of the film is. We can hope for great things from her. In the meantime, she's a million-dollar baby stuck in five-and-ten-cent Freud.

For a binload of really appealing loonies, go directly to **Outrageous!**—a movie so quintessentially New York, it had to have been made in Canada (but by a transplanted New Yorker, writer-director Richard Benner). This story of schizophrenic Liza and would-be drag-queen Robin has its own oppressive, middle-aged straight people, but they're easily forgotten amid the film's good graces and high spirits. In its own flaky way, Craig Russell's gay raunchero is as stunning a performance as Kathleen Quinlan's; both have a winning assurance that translates eccentric behavior into a personality you could fall in love with or have over for dinner. *Outrageous!* may undo some of the mischief caused recently by Anita Bryant—and Con Ed. At the end, Robin tells a depressed Liza, "You're alive and sick and living in New York, like 8 million other people." We're all crazy, gay, schizo, so what the hell—let's dance. And dance they do. *Outrageous!* is the freest, sweetest contact high of the year, a modern urban B movie that happily obliterates the memory of a dozen multimillion-dollar summer flops. Even the critics like it. So what the hell, let's give it an A.

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Surviving liberation: The unmystiqueable truth

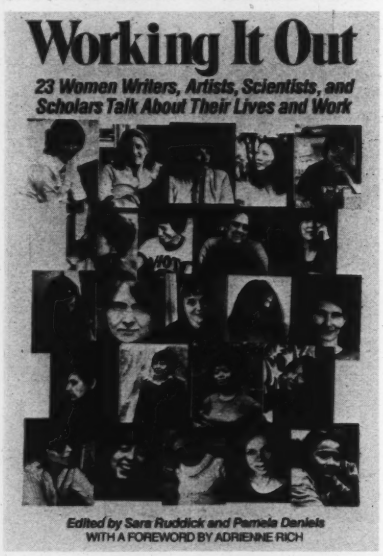
Working It Out: 23 Women Writers, Artists, Scientists, and Scholars Talk About Their Lives and Work. *Edited by Sara Ruddick and Pamela Daniels, with a foreword by Adrienne Rich. Photographs by Diana Michener and others.* Pantheon (349 pp., $11.95).

Of the contributors to this anthology, eight, including the editors and the author of its foreword, were educated at Harvard, principally by its graduate schools. Yale, Smith, Barnard, Vassar, Wellesley, Stanford and the University of Chicago also figure prominently in the lives of these women, most of them mothers (fewer now wives), and all members of the middle class. One expects then an exemplary cast to the collected autobiographies, and one finds it. But it is not of a superficial—class and economy-rooted—character. The styles of these contributors are far more various than their histories would suggest. What they share, rather, is a common consciousness of the consequences of their womanhood on their careers.

Some are enduringly bitter about the humiliations they have suffered because men, who run the world, have refused to honor their personal rather than generic singularities. The contempt, sometimes crossing into psychic brutality, that men have displayed against women's work is a pervasive but by no means universal theme of these reports. The universal theme is a kind of work-paralysis, a self-exacerbating disability in which a woman is told by a man that she should not work, and cannot, or told by him that she must work, and cannot. The less she works at what she has trained herself to do, the more she retreats (or is shoved) into housework, child-care, husband-care. She loses touch with her discipline, loses nerve, loses life.

These are old stories, now many times multiplied, their morals seemingly clear. And yet, gathered here, each has a minted look. I would guess that to savor the art and care that enabled their composition a reader should take them a story at a time, and let each display its discrete personality. Some stories here are furious to the edge of incoherence; some are placid, utterly serene in their sense of themselves. Some tell of struggles won, some of struggles forever lost, and some of battles just begun. Some are wonderfully articulate and some are leaden, and so they together make a rich mix, not to be taken at a sitting.

I took them at a sitting, in part because I hadn't the leisure to take them otherwise, and in part because I was fascinated by them as they began to build, even the most ham-handedly written of them, an overwhelming body of evidence regarding the masculine nature of our received notions of work. No generalizations can make the case for the consolations of honorable work in the way that these particular narratives can make it, and no particular story can make it as they make it in sum. Distrustful of general principles drawn from particular cases, I came early across this sentence in Adrienne Rich's foreword: "Susan Griffin has said that, for a feminist, writing may be solitary but thinking is collective." In the margin beside this I wrote: "Susan Griffin then is wrong, I hope." I wish to amend my judgment: the trials faced by women who wish to work, and can afford not to, are trials held by all women like them, and may only be overcome by collective effort, a kind of choral tale-telling such as this book ceremonializes. We are not speaking here of those things that make honorable work difficult for men and women alike, but of special things, circumstantial things, things accessible to remedy.


Working It Out
23 Women Writers, Artists, Scientists, and Scholars Talk About Their Lives and Work
Edited by Sara Ruddick and Pamela Daniels
WITH A FOREWORD BY ADRIENNE RICH

Some, of course, are by now dug so deep in the culture that generations will pass before they are uprooted. I feel no confessional fit upon me, thank God, but I will certainly admit to a shudder of recognition as I read "On Refusing Your Invitation to Come to Dinner," a poem by Celia Gilbert, a poet dead to her work from the time she graduated from Smith till her mid-thirties, and for the usual reasons: "To give myself to my work—to admit that I loved it as much as husband and children, needed it as much, perhaps more, was the most terrifying admission I could make." Well, she has made it, and seems to have seen things clear. What she notices are men and women seated around a fine table at dinner, at the dinner she will no longer join. She hears the diffident talk from wives:

But I am forgetting the language,
sitting has become difficult,
and the speaking, intolerable,
to say, "how interesting"
makes me weep.
I can no longer bear to hear
the men around the table laugh,
argue, agree,
then pause, politely
while we speak,
their breath held in, exhaled
when we've finished,
politely,
they turn to the real conversation
the unspoken expectation of applause.

This domestic *tableau vivant*, so accurate and awful, will serve to explain much (not all) about the character of dissociation so many of these women write about, the sense that they have been divided not only from the world but from themselves. Fear, dislocation and paralysis are the common consequences these women suffer from having been obliged, and having obliged themselves, to see themselves through the eyes of men. Nothing else could account for what the editors' introduction poignantly identifies as "our own inner prejudices against ourselves."

This prejudice expresses itself in photographer Diana Michener's splendidly humane and energetic essay as a terror of exposure. Like all people she finds that "stepping up to that first

morning embrace of work is intimidating." But there is something else here, too: as an artist she had "never liked the marks my hand made—somehow they were too personal." Her story tells of having moved from this diffidence, at great personal cost, and having learned to manage a complicated life in which art had powerful rival claims to her affection: "I loved being a mother. The earth was doing its bragging in me. . . ." (The great majority of these women are mothers, and none resent their children; they have merely come to see that their children must share responsibility for the complications of an imperfect world.)

But something, even after a kind of rebirth, narrated with exuberance and wit, tugged at Michener's ankles; she had come to depend on masks, and when a woman photographer told her that she had a signature, "inside I felt a cry, the cry of a premature baby. I wasn't safe any longer. I was visible." Another contributor, Cynthia Lovelace Sears, taped interviews with celebrated writers for an educational radio station. She could handle any aspect of broadcasting save the simple declaration that she was who she was. She could not say "I am Cynthia Sears." "I could *not* verbally take responsibility for my work."

What these women describe is not a matter for pathology. It is rather the product of conditioning, entirely reasonable. They took the world at man's estimate of the world: there is serious work, for which one is paid and is recognized, and there is play. They believed they were at play, and they were not. Several of the autobiographies here testify to a recognition that professionalism itself is less a virtue than it once seemed. While there is evidently some division in feminist attitudes toward the place of volunteerism in the world of work, there runs throughout these essays (with a couple of exceptions) a sense that honorable work is what honorably satisfies, that salary and recognition are not the *raison d'être* of work. One of the editors, Sara Ruddick, regards this book itself as a "collective, non-professional, serious, womanly project," something done gratuitously, from love, as children might be raised gratuitously, from love.

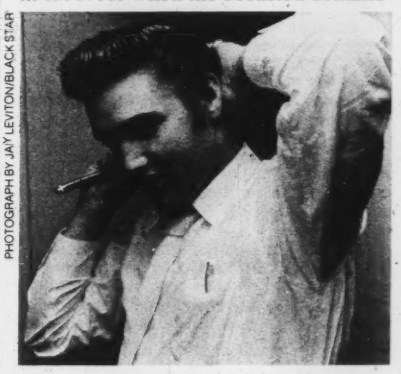
At the far range are women, especially the artists and scientists among these 23, desperate for full recognition. Amelie Oksenberg Rorty, a splendidly witty and articulate philosopher, condenses the dilemma of people who, like her, married people who were their peers, and then tried to steer a sensible course through the world: "So what then are intellectual women to do? Half-time and halfhearted scholarship is regarded as contemptible; half-time and halfhearted womanliness is regarded as contemptible. And either alone is said to be only half human."

In reply, one remained single, from calculation, because "the sanctity of domestic love could never sufficiently compensate for the rigors of domestic service." This brief quotation makes the woman sound like a reductionist, and she is not. She is fully human: "I get lonely." She doesn't whine: life is difficult; life is also interesting. There are no answers in this book, but there are many suggestions, together with the consolation that what might feel to a woman like insane dissatisfaction or fear is in fact a symptom of the awakening, very often, of aggressive sanity. There is little hysteria here, and the voices are rarely shrill. It is as though the fix women have found themselves in has become too serious for polemics. I love the good humor, the courage, the steadfast sanity of most contributors. But I respond as a man, of course. There are also voices here I cannot abide: jargon-ridden, heavy, dead. This once, at least, I will not judge them. It has felt good for a change simply to listen.

Records

By Jim Miller

With regal indifference, Elvis Presley flouted the canons of common taste. That is the major reason why Presley's genius seems so oddly elusive, despite his numerous recordings. It is not true, as generally supposed, that his talent disintegrated shortly after he arrived in Hollywood in 1956: for when the occasion demand-



PHOTOGRAPH BY JAY LEVITON/BLACK STAR

ed, as on his TV special in 1968, or when the spirit moved him, as on his current version of "Pledging My Love," Elvis Presley could still summon the magic that made him the preeminent performer of his generation.

He brought the pervid intensity of gospel and soul to pop, the boyish braggadocio of country to the blues. His pedigree scarcely mattered, though: in the beginning Presley made the simplest licks sound like a voyage of first discovery. That archetypal rite of passage is preserved on the one essential Elvis Presley album every patriotic American should own: *The Sun Sessions*. It compiles Presley's complete output at the Sun Studios in Memphis from July 1954 through July 1955—a slice of musical history and the origins of the second Great Awakening in America.

In general, the earlier the Elvis record, the better: but consumers should avoid the fake "stereo" that mars the currently available pressings of such early and otherwise admirable albums as *Elvis Presley*, *Elvis*, and *Elvis' Golden Records*. For those in search of the familiar stuff, that leaves the four-record set *Worldwide 50 Gold Award Hits, Vol. 1*, a chronological compilation in unadulterated mono. There's a volume two, as well, but it's a weird hodgepodge of early tracks, flip sides and dreck from Elvis' long night of the living dead during the mid-sixties. For folks unwilling to fork out the cash for boxed sets, *Elvis—A Legendary Performer* (Volume 1) is the best single introduction to Presley's art.

The later albums are spotty. *Elvis is Back!*, cut in 1960, exhibits unusual spunk and blues feeling. His *TV Special* soundtrack from 1968 is even more packed with passion, and a rare sense of caring also animates the studio sequel, *From Elvis in Memphis*.

There is also at least one Elvis bootleg worth hearing, on "Golden Archives" (all the other albums mentioned are legit RCA releases). *The Elvis Presley Dorsey Shows* bears vivid witness to just how abruptly this man's music galvanized a generation.

Presley had been booked onto the Dorsey Brothers' variety show in an attempt to boost sagging ratings, as well as to expose the newly acquired RCA act. On January 28, 1956, the date of his first television appearance, Elvis, already a sensation in the South thanks to his Sun recordings, was still a performer unknown to most Americans. That night, he sang "Blue Suede Shoes" and "Heartbreak Hotel," which RCA had just released as his new single. Accompanied by the Dorseys' big band, Elvis sounded shaky; the audience applauded on cue.

But his six-show contract ran through the Spring, and by March 17, when the fifth show was aired, an uncanny metamorphosis had occurred. When Elvis sang the same two songs, "Blue Suede Shoes" and "Heartbreak Hotel," the audience screamed, his little hillbilly band wailed, and Elvis acted as if he owned the moment. The world was not quite his, yet; but for my generation, history had just begun.

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Hello, I must be going/By Peter W. Kaplan

Final Tribute

("Only a mash note," wrote James Agee, "could contain my regard for Groucho.")

He had reached full senescence by the time he shuffled into the press room at the 1974 Academy Awards. Groucho had just received one of those staged homages that serve as preliminary obituaries. He looked ancient and his hands were gnarled around the Oscar, but his eyes darted over the room, sizing up his audience. He'd been dignified all night, and he gave off a scent of danger and wicked fun.

An Academy press official told us that we could now ask questions, and a round of gratingly benign inquiries began. ("Are you glad, Groucho, to get this award?") A depressing ten minutes ensued until somebody asked Groucho what he thought of Richard Nixon. A wild look crossed his face, and then a grin. Groucho's hot but Heepish guardian Erin Fleming popped her taut face in fear, and the Academy flack let out a yelp: "No politics here! No politics!"

But Groucho was already mysteriously rolling up his tuxedo sleeve and, spotting me, a particularly young observer in the press crowd, he leered, "Lookit this." Fleming and the flack were hurtling toward Groucho. "The son of a bitch!" Groucho growled, finally showing his "I am not a crook" wristwatch. "The bastard doesn't deserve to be . . ."

"No politics!" cried the flack, as Fleming grabbed Groucho's arm; feebly he followed her out.

Well, that's the shipwreck for you. Young, he was all energy and anarchy, and his upper lip, where the black greasepaint of his phony mustache ended, seemed to have the cutting edge of a guillotine. In the early Marx brothers films, he was almost a metaphysical representation of mean energy in himself; he wasn't just a verbal comedian at all. On the screen, he was beautiful. Not fawnishly like Chaplin, and not gaunt and hollowed like Keaton. Strangely, the movies' greatest talking comedian had the grace of a great athlete: his black and white form wildly weaving and loping, breaking into tangos, hanging from beams and tying his knees into rubbery knots like a Nijinsky with a cigar. (But could Nijinsky's eyebrows dance?)

It was said that he was a viper at home, that if he found your soft spot he would lance in, but that was his nature—he couldn't choke himself. "Groucho would overpower you," Bert Lahr once said. "He had a tremendous confidence. If you weren't sure of yourself, he'd skewer you."

All those decades, and everybody else always thought they had to be polite. Only Groucho saved himself, with a vengeance. Maybe it was his New York beginnings: he didn't stay in school past 11 years old, and at 15 he was hired as a singer in a vaudeville act, by a "hook-nosed middle-aged man in a blue kimono, wearing just a touch of lipstick on his thin lips," moving from city to city and learning to stab the fearsome with words.

He was, as Irving Howe pointed out, a "daemonic" presence that made "the whole elaborate structure of gentile power . . . merely trivial." The Marx Brothers shattered the structured world into what ghetto-dwellers knew it to be: "*ash un porukh*, ashes and dust." The other east side mentalities spotted Groucho's wild rebellion early—S. J. Perelman and George Kaufman shot to his side. The early Marx brothers act like "Fun in Hi-Skool" crudely got back at the alien conventions of a dominating society that had nothing to do with their scrambling, immigrant progress. In the young pictures of Groucho, you can see the wild-eyed glee he took—and yet at the base of the soul you can sense a peace. He knew that he had the cultural imperative to attack.

The lean, shabby Paramount early movies are, of course, the greatest—but Groucho predictably chose *A Night at the Opera* as his favorite. It represented quality and stability and all the things that he was proud that the young prince (Irving Thalberg) of the Jewish Camelot (MGM) could give him. At first the brothers had toasted marshmallows naked in Thalberg's office, but then he died and they became just jewels in the corporate headdress. They got out of pictures rather than become fixtures in the fat, slow world of forties comedy.

Groucho, though, maintained his cutting edge. His wildman's energy, which cut through the thirties, was sublimated during the forties in the cause of fighting Hitler. ("I went to Germany once and asked permission to go to East Germany. I inquired as to where Hitler died and when I got there I danced on his grave.") Television packaged him and still he was historical light years ahead of his fifties audiences, the Eisenhower geeks who gasped and tittered at his iconoclasm and sexual references. It seemed almost impossible, but he had to adapt to less sophisticated audiences than the ones he had played 30 years earlier.

CULVER PICTURES

And then, all else being dispensed with, he entered the final age of celebrity: exalted dysfunction. We watched him age like we watch grandparents. He gave up wearing a toupee and soft white down haloed his baldness; his mouth got livery and his mustache bristles nettled. And when he died, I wanted to show the same devotion that Elvis fans had when they trooped to Graceland; he was, at least, that important to me. I made a quick pilgrimage up to East 93rd Street, where he had lived as a boy. On the way back, I insulted the bus driver and two lady passengers. I had a gala day. (And a gal a day is about all I can handle.) ●

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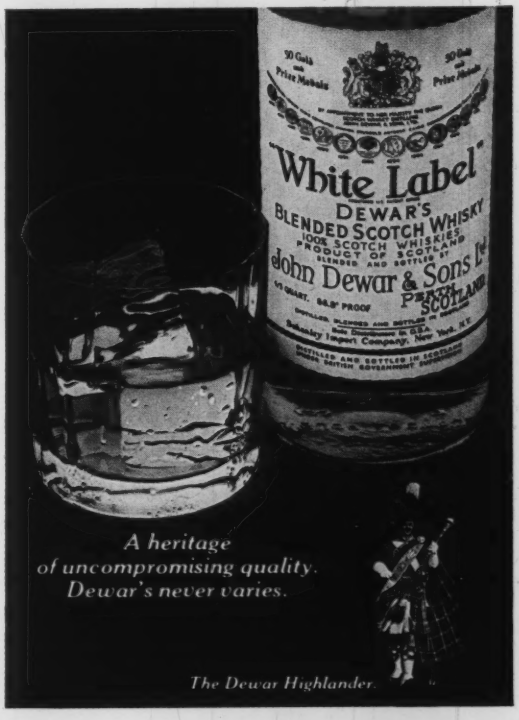

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